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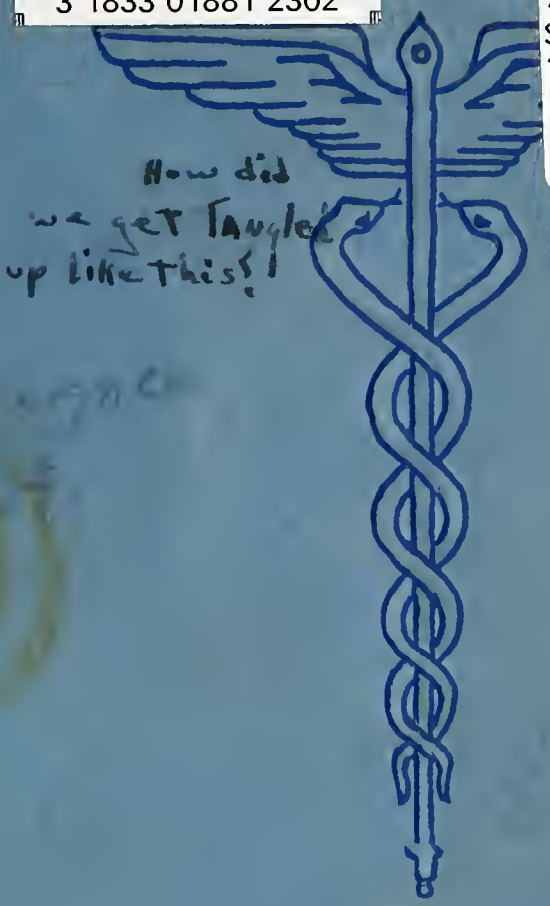

CADUCEUS

Best wishes
Arnold Bell

To a nice guy!
Shirley Love

Luck to a swell
guy.
Jean
-Spruce

To a
great fellow
who really
understands Chemistry -
Hope we pass Eighties
Gloria Lindsay -

THE CADUCEUS

JANUARY, 1945

VOL. XIX
No. 1

Published in the interests of

THE STUDENTS OF

THE

BEAUMONT HIGH SCHOOL

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Caduceus

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Caduceus

Words adapted with permission of Edw. Bayer

◦THE◦BLUE◦AND◦GOLD◦

Edward Bayer
Class of June 1938

For Beau-mont
High ..... we give our
all ..... The Blue and Gold ..... shall ne-ver fall .....
Fight to win the game .... Fight to hold our fame .... Al- ways keep our name on
top (Fight Fight) The Blue and Gold ..... shall e-ver wave ..... O'er Beau-mont
strong ..... and true and brave ..... We'll back our team ..... with loy-al-
ty ..... so we can fight to vic- to- ry
For Beau-mont

EDWARD BAYER

Edward Bayer, an alumnus of Beaumont High, is the composer of Beaumont's new pep song, "The Blue and Gold". While attending Beaumont, Edward was a member of the Band, Orchestra, and the Novelty Orchestra. Although his interests were mostly musical, he found time to go out for track and take an important part in the senior play, "Tommy". Soon after graduation in 1938, Edward joined the Coast Guard. He is now classed as a Musician First Class, and is kept very busy in his position as arranger and Assistant Director of the Ninth District Coast Guard Band.

The entire school owes Edward Bayer a debt of gratitude for giving us a grand new pep song.

HISTORY OF "THE BLUE AND GOLD"

JANE PAYNE

Beaumont now has, for the first time in its history, a pep song all its own. The song, "Hail to the Blue and the Gold", which was well liked by the student body and formerly used by the school, was not legally ours. The words were our own, but the music had come from a high school in Pontiac, Illinois. Difficulties arose because we were unable to use this song on the radio, make new arrangements for it, or print and circulate copies of the score. It was decided in 1943 that steps should be taken to establish Beaumont's right to "Hail to the Blue and the Gold". A correspondence carried on by Mr. Huntington showed that it would be impossible for the school to continue to use the old song. It was then that "The Blue and Gold", written by Edward Bayer, a graduate of Beaumont, was adopted. The new pep song pleases everyone: the radio station managers, who have permission to broadcast it; the music teachers, who can make arrangements of it; and the students, who can sing it with gusto.

The march had been in Miss Brix's possession since Edward Bayer, as a member of her class in harmony, had written it. The composition was originally entitled "The Boys in Blue." Miss Brix suggested that the Senior Girls' Glee Club undertake the task of writing words, to be sent to Edward Bayer for approval. With a few alterations he approved of them, and he then gave Beaumont permission to use the song as its own. Edward was unable to make the band and orchestra arrangements because his work as Assistant Director of the 9th Naval District Coast Guard Band occupied all his time. In the summer of 1944 Miss Brix made the band, orchestra, and piano arrangements now used.

We are indebted to Mr. Tarling for the "lay-out" of the vocal chorus as given in this issue of the CADUCEUS.

After many alterations the song was completed and ready to be presented to the school. Beaumont's Student Council then sponsored two "aud-sessions" at which the song was introduced. The Glee Club sang the song and the Band played it as a march. All of the students joined in singing the words, which were projected by lantern slides.

Mrs. Kosse, who was in the audience, beamed broadly. Her son, Edward Bayer, had made all of this happiness possible!

Then came the awaited moment. A vote was to be taken as to whether or not the students of Beaumont would accept the song. Everyone, without exception, stood up to signify his approval of the song. Yes! the song was accepted. It is the song you hear everyone singing in the corridors. "For Beaumont High, we give our all—" and it is ours to use, when, where, and how we please.

ERNEST PRANG STAMM

CHARLES BATEMAN

ERNEST PRANG STAMM

Death claimed Ernest P. Stamm, a distinguished musician of St. Louis, at Macmillan Hospital on October 6. He was born in St. Louis 59 years ago and was a member of the Beaumont music department since January, 1926.

Mr. Stamm received his early music training in St. Louis, studying piano and organ under private tutors from 1894 to 1905, at which time he went abroad for two years of study in Berlin. His teachers there were Marie Avani Carreras and Hugo Kaun in piano and theory, Walter Fischer in organ, and Richard Strause in orchestration.

Mr. Stamm returned to St. Louis to become one of our foremost composers, organists, and directors.

The St. Louis Board of Education was fortunate in securing his services in 1925. His first assignment was director of music at Cleveland High School. Shortly thereafter, he was transferred to Beaumont, where he conducted classes in music appreciation and choral work.

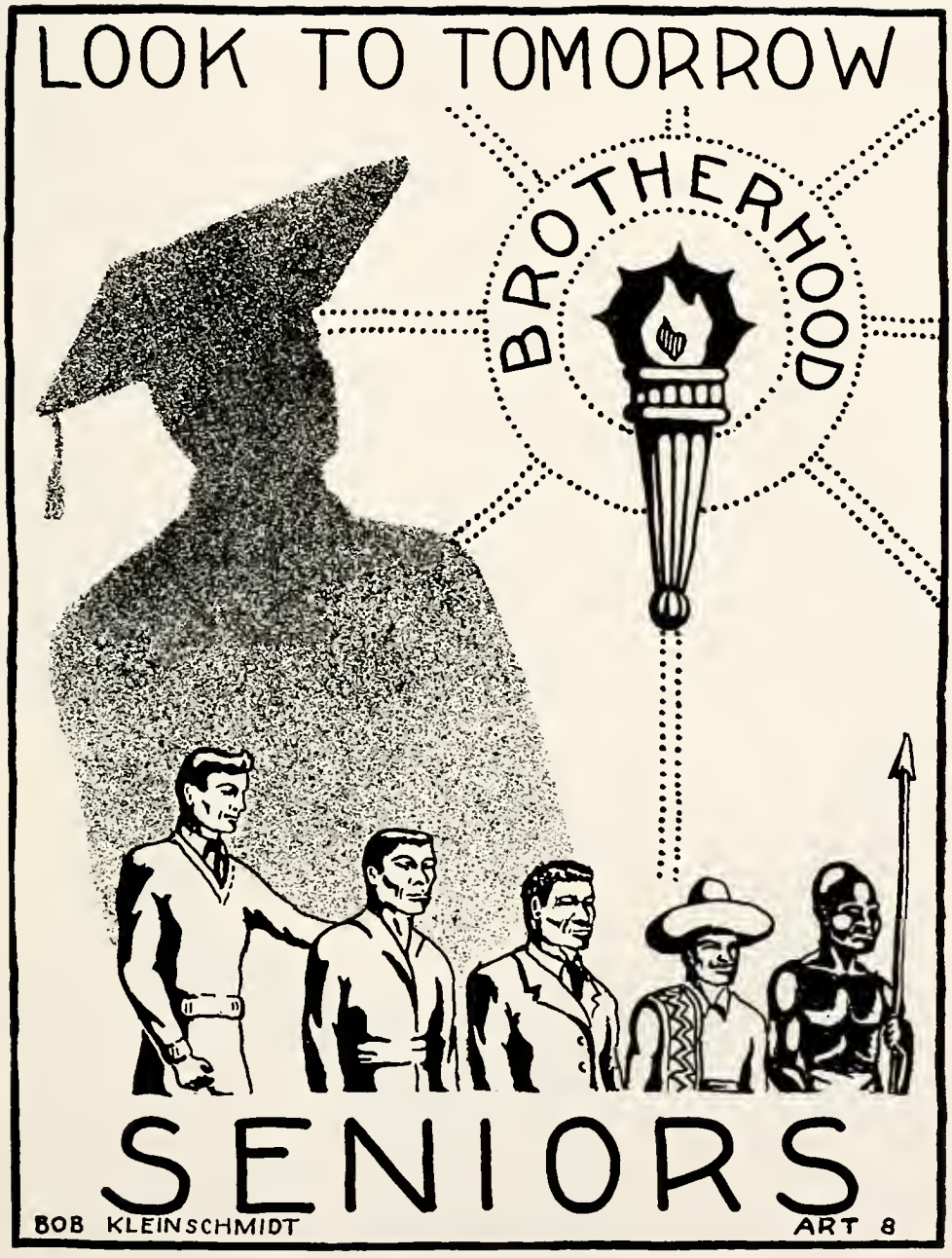
Mr. Stamm had the honor of being guest artist for the St. Louis Day organ recitals at both the Chicago World's Fair and the New York Fair. He was a member of the American Guild of Organists and the Scottish Rite Masonic Order. For the last five years he was organist at Scottish Rite Temple.

The passing of Mr. Stamm is a distinct loss to Beaumont. His devotion to the teaching of music was an inspiration to all who were fortunate to study under him. He leaves St. Louis the richer for his efforts in furthering cultural appreciation of music.

CHARLES BATEMAN

Mr. Charles Bateman retired last June from active service at Beaumont, where he had been a custodian for eighteen years. In charge of the first floor corridor, he especially liked the activity which took place there throughout the day. His kindly attitude to students and teachers and his untiring devotion to his work will always be remembered.

The right of each individual to plan for his own future...


LOOK TO TOMORROW
BROTHERHOOD
SENIORS
BOB KLEINSCHMIDT
ART 8

Caduceus

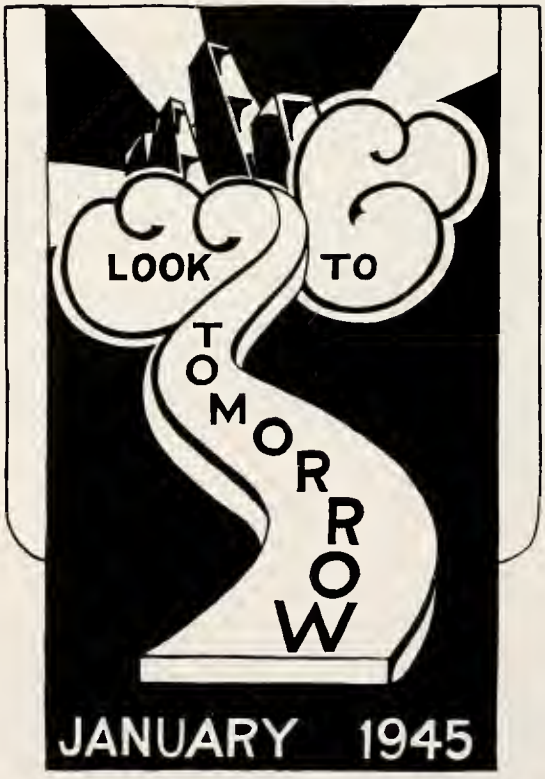
WILLIAM STUART
NORMA WENGERT
CARLYLA SCHULZ
EUGENE MOBELY
JEAN JAECH
BRUCE WRIGHT
MILTON REINERT
DOLORES WOOD
GERALDINE HEYNE
ROBERT MCNAMARA
EDWARD LANCHE
EDNA SMITH

SENIOR OFFICERS

Colors: BLUE AND GOLD
Banner designed by: TOM MONGNO
Motto: LOOK TO TOMORROW

SENIOR SPONSOR

MISS MARIE CUNNINGHAM


LOOK TO TOMORROW
JANUARY 1945

SENIOR CLASS OF JANUARY, 1945

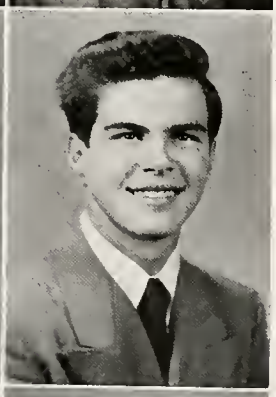
BRUCE WRIGHT

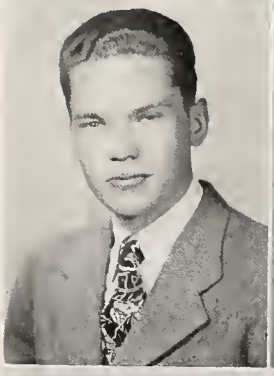
Beaumont High School has nurtured another class, which enters the next stage of maturation on January 24, 1945. It is a vigorous, compact, fair-minded group, moulded by serious study and preparation, hand-in-hand with the gayety and grace associated with young men and women; it is a class willing, first of all, to undertake the basic responsibilities borne by every adult citizen of this democracy. Above and beyond this, graduation will see the departure of many classmates for service in the armed forces during one of the most critical periods of American existence. For these graduates "The Day" will mean a temporary loss of true freedom to be regained only by exacting but honorable service. Beaumont's Honor Roll is thus a silent tribute to these heroes; the conscience-striking gold and silver stars that can never be disregarded or overlooked by the wound-healers and planners of the post-war world, because of what they mean in self-sacrifice.

We lack not in the courage required of us by the horrors and exigencies of war, nor do we fail when foresight is required, for that is our keynote. "Look to Tomorrow" is our motto, a motto that reflects the spirit of each one of us. We realize that a dream-befogged outlook will be useless in the practical world of the future; therefore our ideals have become simplified and broadened in accordance with this realization, and because of this they will manifest themselves unerringly when, as adults, we take up the "affairs of men".

President	William Stuart
Vice-President	Norma Wengert
Secretary	Carlyla Schulz
Treasurer	Eugene Mobley
'Digest" Correspondent	Jean Jaech
CADUCEUS Correspondent	Bruce Wright
Executive Committee	Milton Reinert Geraldine Heyne Robert McNamara
Student Council Representatives	Edna Smith Edward Lansche Dolores Wood
Sponsor	Miss Marie Cunningham

January '45





WILLIAM E. STUART
"BILL"

"The deeds of the leader shall live."—Ovid.

Pres. Senior-New Senior Class, Pres. Shakespeare Club, Pres. Witenagemot, E "B", Service Pin, Bus. Mgr. "Digest".

NORMA LEE WENGERT
"NORM"

"Character gives splendor to youth and beauty."
—Emerson.

Vice-Pres. Senior-New Senior Class, Vice-Pres. La Voz de Espana, Sec. Physiography Club, Service Club, Spelling Team, E "B".

CARLYLA R. SCHULZ
"CARL"

"Her face so fair."—Byron.

Sec. New Senior-Senior Class, Vice-Pres. History-Travel Club, CADUCEUS and "Digest" Corr. La Voz de Espana, Student Council, Service Pin, E "B".

EUGENE J. MOBLEY
"GENE"

"A man elect of men."—Swinburne.

Boys' Skating Club, Gym Club, Treas. Senior Class, Rifle Club.

MILTON REINERT
"MILT"

"I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise."—Shakespeare.

Exec. Comm. Senior Class, Track '42, "B" '43, "B" '44, Tennis "B" '44, Pres. Senior Orchestra, Operetta '41, '42, '43, Novelty Orchestra.

EDNA JANE SMITH
"ED"

"Sound judgment is the ground for writing well."—Roscommon.

Editor-in-Chief CADUCEUS, Student Council Rep. New Senior-Senior Class, Vice-Pres. Student Council, Vice-Pres. Shakespeare Club, Girls' Swimming Team, Service Pin.

DOLORES WOOD
"DODO"

"A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow, and cheek tinged lightly and a dove-like eye; and all hearts bless her as she passes by."
—Mary Mowitt.

Service Club, E "B", Student Council Rep. Senior Class, Duck Club, Apparatus Club, Pepperettes.

BRUCE WRIGHT
"BRUTE"

"They can who think they can."—Virgil.

Pres. Shakespeare Club, Pres. History-Travel Club, Pres. Art Appreciation Club, CADUCEUS Corr. Senior Class, CADUCEUS Staff.

January '45

ROBERT WILLIAM MCNAMARA
"BOB"

"Will Is Power."—Proverb.

Ex. Comm. Senior-New Senior Class, Pres. Phog. Club, Chairman Technicians, Cheerleader '42, '43, '44, Gym Team '41, '42, "B" '43, '44, Track "B" '41, '42.

GERALDINE E. HEYNE
"JERRY"

"High aims form high characters, and great objects bring out great minds."
—Edwards.

Editor "Digest," E "B," Executive Committee Senior-New Senior Class, Shakespeare Club, Girls' Basketball Team, Captain-Manager Girls' Swimming Team.

JEAN FRITZI JAECH
"FRITZ"

"Yes, thou art fair."—Wordsworth.

"Digest" Rep. Senior Class, "Digest" Staff, Shakespeare Club, Pres. Burbank Chapter, Pres. St. Louis Jr. Academy of Science, Captain Duck Club.

WALTER EDWARD LANSCHE
"ED"

"By nature honest, by experience wise, healthy by temperance and by exercise."—Pope.

Student Council Rep. Senior-New Senior Class, Pres. Student Council, Basketball '42, '43, '44 "B", Swimming '42, '43 "B", Track '44 "B", Golf, '43, '44 "B", Capt. '44.

WILLIAM HAROLD SCHMITZ
"BILL"

"Character is the governing element of life."
—Saunder.

La Voz de Espana, Camera Club, Student Council, Football '41, '42, Track '41, '42, Caption Committee.

ANITA O. JOHNSON
"NITA"

"Neatness is a crowning grace of womanhood."
—Fontenelle.

Pepperettes, Caption Committee.

MILDRED LEE PUNCH
"PUNCH"

"Them ez will, kin."—Sill.

Lib. Witenagemot, Duck Club, Girls' Basketball, E "B", Service Pin.

TOM J. JOHNSON

"And where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend."
—Lowell.

Technicians, Service Club Letter, Caption Committee, Track.

January '45

SHERDEL ZEMBLIDGE
"ZOMBIE"

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."
—Shakespeare.

Sec. Model Airplane Club, Gym Club '44 "B", Operetta '43, Swimming Team '42.

MARY ELLEN O'LAUGHLIN
"IRISH"

"Sharp is the word for her."—Swift.

Swimming Team '43, '44, Caption Committee.

AUDREY M. MEINHARDT
'AUD"

"Young and so fair."—Hood.

Duck Club, Service Club Award, Pepperettes, Caption Committee, La Voz de Espana.

FRANK D. WHITEMAN

"He touches nothing but adds a charm."
—Tinelon.

GEORGE GANNON
"SONNY"

"To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune."—Shakespeare.

Operetta '43, Accompanist Glee Club '43.

SHIRLEY EILERMANN

"Around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone."
—Byron.

Posture Queen '42, Vice-Pres. Student Council '43, Duck Club, Pepperettes, Service Club.

JEAN MARIA HARDY
"ANDY"

"If I could write the beauty of your eyes."
—Shakespeare.

Phog. Club, Sociology Club.

ALFRED E. RATHERT
"AL"

"A fresh, a free, a friendly man."—Gower.

Student Council Sgt.-at-Arms, Basketball '44, Football '44, Operetta '44, Novelty Orch. '41, '42, '43, '44.

January '45

THOMAS E. MONGNO
"TOMMY"

"The true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection."—Angelo.

Art Appreciation Club, Rifle Club, Boys' Skating Club, Cartoonist "Digest" Staff, Banner Committee.

VIRGINIA MURIEL MITCHELL
"GINNIE"

"No gem, no gold she needs to wear;
She shines intrinsically fair."
—Bedingfield.

History-Travel Club, Pepperettes, Bowling Club, Ice Skating Club, Duck Club.

PEGGY C. KEIM
"RED"

"As merry as the day is long."—Shakespeare.

Service Club, Shakespeare Club, Apparatus Club, Pepperettes, Duck Club, Phog Club.

RUTH MARY KOERNER
"KORNE"

"The infinitely little have a pride infinitely great."—Voltaire.

Pepperettes, Girls' Ice Skating, Service Club, Operetta '44.

AUDREY M. WESTERHOLT
"AUD"

"Whose every little ringlet thrilled as if with soul and passion filled."—Moore.

La Voz de Espana, Service Club, History-Travel Club, Pepperettes.

WILLIAM F. BEHR
"BILL"

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."
—Anon.

History-Travel Club, Tennis '44, B. A. A.

ROBERT A. GORKE
"GORK"

"He who has great strength should use it lightly."—Seneca.

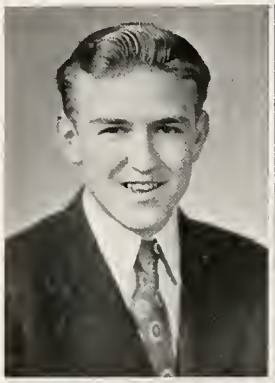
Football "B" '43, '44, Track "B" '44, All City-District Football Team.

ELLEN M. RATZ
"DOOKIE"

"Black brows, they say, become some women best."—Shakespeare.

Duck Club '41, '42, Operetta '42, Pepperettes, Alfred Marshall Club.

January '45



WILLIAM WOELFEL
"WILLIE"

"Sincerity, a deep, genuine, heart-felt sincerity is a trait of true and noble manhood."
—*Sterne.*

Rifle Club, Golf Club, Policy Committee, Boys' Bowling Club.

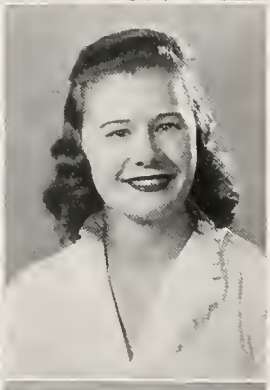
SHIRLEY LUCILLE BETLE
"SHIRL"

"And she has hair of a golden hue."—Anon.

NORMA BARNICLE
"NORM"

"Laughter is the joyous universal evergreen of life."—Lincoln.

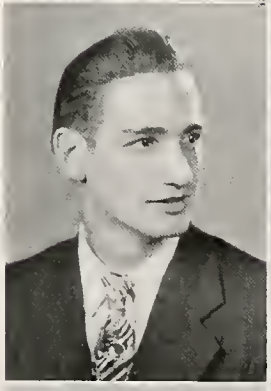
Pepperettes, Girls' Skating Club, Girls' Bowling Club.



DORIS STOLTZE
"STOLTZ"

"Her smile was prodigal of summery shine."
—*Preston.*

Sec. Bowling Team, La Voz de Espana, Pepperettes.



GEORGE H. WILKINSON
"WILKIE"

"He was straight; you could trust him."
—*Petronius.*

EILEEN LOUISE COFF

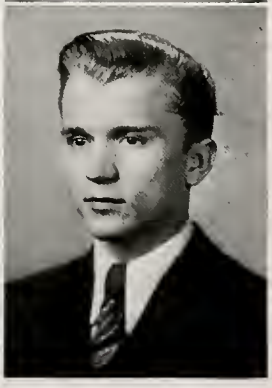
"She's the ornament of her sex."—Dickens.

Pepperettes, "Musica Missouriana," Girls' Ice Skating Club.

BONNIE JEAN JONES
"BON"

"Small, demure, dependable."—Anon.

La Voz de Espana, Duck Club, Pepperettes, History-Travel Club.



GEORGE OLDENETTEL

"Few words, but proceeding from a heart filled with truth."—Lucas.

Gym Club '43, "B" '44.

January '45

ROBERT FRANK FREY
"BOB"

"Fields are won by those who believe in winning."—Higgenson.

Bowling Club '42, '43, Baseball "B" '44.

RUTH RONAT

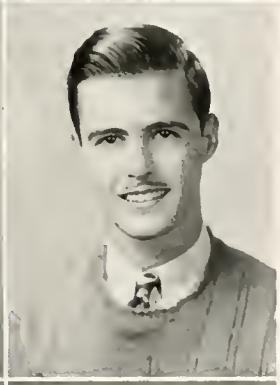
"Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds."—Eliot.

History-Travel Club, Duck Club.

VIVIAN BARKEMEIER
"VIV"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
—Bible.

Student Council, Skating Club.



ROBERT EDWARD ROSENAU

"Men of few words are the best men."
—Shakespeare.

Boys' Bowling Club '44.

WILLIAM HOBBS
"BILL"

"Politeness costs nothing and gains everything."
—Montago.

DOLORES HANSMANN
"DEE"

"We are charmed by neatness."—Ovid.

Operetta '43, Girls' Bowling Club, Girls' Skating Club, Pepperettes.

NANCY JANE PETTKER
"NAN"

"Born with the gift of laughter."—Bartlett.

Roller Skating Club, Alfred Marshall Club.

JAMES WALTER HUBBARD
"JIM"

"He who labors diligently need never despair."
—Menander.

Burbank Chapter Junior Academy of Science, Track '41, '42, E "B".

January '45

RICHARD EDGAR STORY
"DICK"

"Every man will be thy friend."—Barnfield.

Boys' Skating Club, Basketball '42, '43, '44, Swimming Team '43, Football '43, '44, Track '43, '44, Rifle Club '42.

JEWELL C. SCHMITZ
"SMITTY"

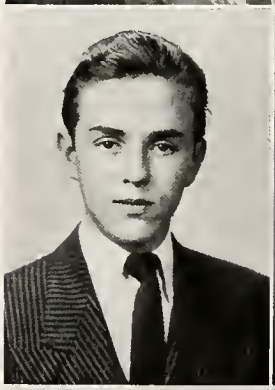
"She's all my fancy painted her; she's lovely, she's divine."—Mee.

Girls' Bowling Club, Pepperettes, Alfred Marshall Club.

LORRAINE M. MASNICA
"CHIP"

"Kindness is the sunshine by which virtue grows."—Ingersoll.

Pepperettes.



IRENE HILL
"FUZZY"

"A quiet mind is richer than a crown."
—Greene.

GENE W. GIVAN
"BUD"

"The present fashion is always handsome."
—Fuller.

Physiography Club, Rifle Club, Basketball '41, CADUCEUS Staff.

ROSE MARIE E. SCHILLER
"MUTER"

"There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity."—Mitchell.

Girls' Bowling Club, Girls' Walking Club, History-Travel Club, Pepperettes, Cheer Leader '43, '44, Alfred Marshall Club.

LAVERNE C. BORGERS
"SHORTY"

"Let joy be unconfined."—Byron.

Physiography Club.

DONALD A. HERMANN
"DON"

"Good humor is always a success."—Lavater.

E "B".

January '45

ALFRED J. BUSSO
"AL"

"The huntsman, ever gay, robust and bold."
—Somerville.

Asst. Business Manager "Digest".

NORMA DORIS VANDERPOOL
"NORM"

"Is she not passing fair?"—Shakespeare.

La Voz de Espana, Girls' Bowling Club, Duck Club.

DORIS LEE KRAEMER

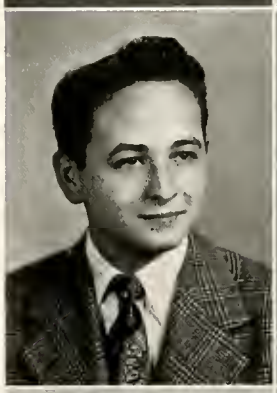
"A good heart's worth gold."—Shakespeare.

Pepperettes.

PHILLIS LISTROM
"PHIL"

"The true and good resemble gold."—Gocobi.

Service Club, Basketball Team.



JACK E. LITE
"FLASH"

"I try all things; I achieve what I can."
—Melville.

Vice-Pres. Latin Club.

MARJORIE ANN KELLERHALS
"MARGIE"

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."—Montaigne.

Duck Club.

GERALDINE MAMIE LETIZIA
"JERRY"

"Dance, laugh, and be merry."—Barriere.

Pepperettes, Bowling Club.

CARL ANTHONY GILLARDI

"Fortitude is the guard and support of the other virtues."—Locke.

E "B".

January '45

BRANKO JOHN MARUSIO
"YUGO"

"Come! The game is afoot."—Doyle.

Football '42, "B" '43, "B" '44, Track '42, "B" '43, "B" 44, Captain Track Team, All-State High School Track Team.

PATRICIA ANN BOEHNING
"PAT"

"Beauty is power; a smile is its sword."
—Reade.

ARLYN RUTH AUSTIN
"DOC"

"Amber dropping hair."—Milton.

ALOHA M. ENGELSKIND

"Eyes that were fountains of thought and song!"
—Taylor.

Pepperettes.

GLORIA JEAN HOGAN
"GLO"

"A conscience wise and steady, and forever ready."—Thoreau.

Luther Burbank Chapter Junior Academy of Science, Service Pin, E "B".

LAVERNE G. COHOON
"RED"

"Short of stature he was, strongly built and athletic."—Longfellow.

BERNARD W. LEWIS, JR.
"BERN"

"An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions."—Chesterfield.

E "B".

MARGUERITE ELEANOR SMITH

"Profound sincerity is the basis of talent."
—Emerson.

Operetta '44, Alfred Marshall Club.

January '45

GEORGE R. LAY

"If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."—Franklin.

DELORES MARIE FEREBEE

"Knowledge is more than equivalent to force."
—Johnson.

History-Travel Club, Girls' Ice-Skating Club, Apparatus Club, Service Club.

GLORIA A. NIES
"GLO"

"Sweet as a primrose." —Goldsmith.

Girls' Roller Skating Club.

RUTH E. THURSTON
"RUTHIE"

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight."
—Wordsworth.

Girls' Ice Skating Club, Duck Club.

LOIS MAY DIGMAN
"LOOIE"

"What a delicate and rare and gracious art is the art of conversation."—Morley.

Girls' Basketball Team, Operetta '43, "Digest" Typist, CADUCEUS Typist, Pepperettes.

ROBERT CHARLES HERHOLD
"BOB"

"His company is an everlasting pleasure."
—Pilpay.

General Chairman Technicians, Service Club, Boys' Skating Club, Latin Club.

NANCY J. WHEAT
"NAN"

"The gods look with favor on superior daring."
—Tacitus.

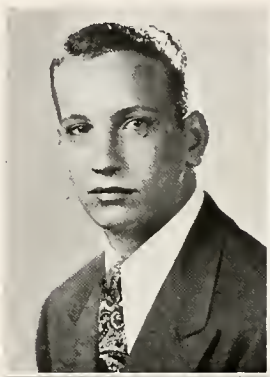
La Voz de Espana, Student Council, Pepperettes.

LOIS HARRIET FUCHS

"Life is a progress from enjoyment to enjoyment."—Johnson.

CADUCEUS Staff, Bellus Mons, Service Emblem, Duck Club, "E "B", Policy Committee.

January '45



GEORGE J. OGIER
"BIG GEORGE"

"There is nothing like fun, is there?"
—Haliburton.

Football '43, '44, Operetta '43.

BETTY ANN SUMMERS
"SHORTY"

"Music is the speech of angels."—Carlyle.

Operetta '42, '44, Service Club, Duck Club.

ALICE OSSIAN

"Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak."—Shakespeare.

Pepperettes, Student Council, History Travel Club, Latin Club.

MARIGRACE SAINZ

"Be as thy presence is, gracious and kind."
—Shakespeare.

Duck Club, Service Club, Pepperettes, Library Club, E "B".

AUDREY JEAN SODEMANN

"We can do more good by being good, than in any other way."—Hill.

Alfred Marshall Club, Service Club.

JULES Z. KLOSE

"Good judgment, sound discretion, and true and practical wisdom."—Edwards.

Business Mgr. "Digest", Boys' Skating Club, Operetta '42, Policy Committee.

JEAN E. COWEE
"JEANIE"

"As full of spirit as the month of May."
—Shakespeare.

Duck Club, Pepperettes.

PATRICIA L. BAUER
"PAT"

"In thy face I see the map of honor, truth and loyalty."—Shakespeare.

Duck Club.

January '45

RONALD E. SLAUGHTER
"RON"

"The force of his own merit makes his way."
—Shakespeare.

DOLORES OSTERHOLT
"DEE"

"Good sense and good-nature are never separated."—Dryden.

Phog. Club, History-Travel Club, Pepperettes.

JACQUELINE LORRAINE ORR
"JACKIE"

"When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' the sea that you might ever do nothing but that."—Shakespeare.

MARTHA A. L. SCHNELLE

"One of the greatest pleasures in life is conversation."—Sydney Smith.

FAITH ARDEN LAWRENCE

"With sweetness fresh as any rose."—Lydgate.

History-Travel Club, Swimming Team, Pepperettes.

BILL NEWMAN
"BILL"

"Energy will remove mountains."—Barrow.

Football '43, '44, Student Council.

EDITH LUCILLE HAVENER
"PETE"

"It is gentle manners which prove so irresistible in women."—Gautier.

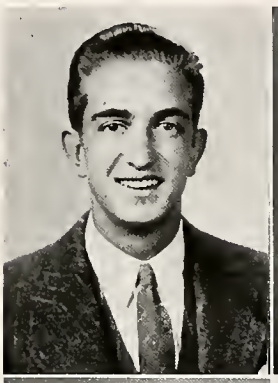
Sec. History-Travel Club, Sec. Camera Club, Girls' Roller Skating Club.

DELORES M. HOLLMAN

"Any color, so long as it's red."—Field.

Roller Skating Club.

January '45



WALTER WILLIAM WARMANN

"He who resolves to conquer is seldom conquered."—Corneille.

Alfred Marshall Club, Track '41, '42, Technicians.

KATHERINE THERSA VENTIMIGLIA
"KITTY"

"A witty comrade at your side."—Syrus.

History-Travel Club, Girls' Bowling Club, Girls' Skating Club, Pepperettes.

DORIS HESS
"DOR"

"Of plain, sound sense, life's current coin is made."—Young.

Operetta '44, Service Club.

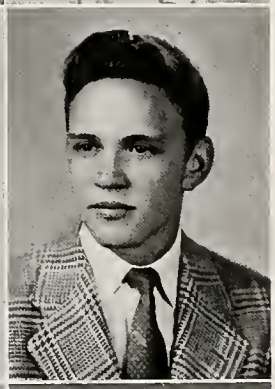
ARLEEN A. HOFFMANN
"AR"

"One with more of soul in her face than words on her tongue."—Wordsworth.

ETTA MAE SCHURR
"BOOTS"

"Laugh thy girlish laughter."—Watson.

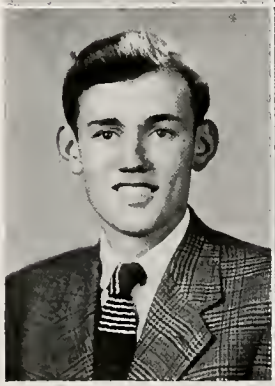
Library Club, Service Club, Duck Club, Pepperettes, Student Council.



JOHN LINDSAY ELLIS
"LINN"

"Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman."—Emerson.

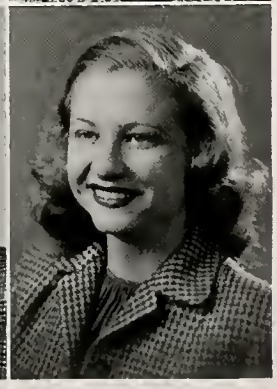
CADUCEUS Corr. La Voz de Espana, History-Travel Club, Art Appreciation Club, Track, Alfred Marshall Club.



CHARLES MERRICK BECKER
"BECK"

From him came "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar."
—Shakespeare.

Student Council, Track '41, '42, B '43, B '44, Technicians.



CAROL MARIE WHANGER

"Beauty in dress, as in other things."—Oakey.

Pepperettes, Duck Club, Service Club, Operetta '43.

January '45

KENNETH W. OBERBECK

"Strength alone knows conflict."—Swetchine.

Chairman P. A. '44 Technicians, Pres. '43, '44, Balsa Bugs, Gym Club.

ANNE JANE WALSH

"MAISIE"

"The charm and playfulness of her talk."
—Cicero.

Pepperettes, History-Travel Club, Operetta '43.

DOROTHY JANE DENNISON

"DOT"

"Good-natured is the very air of a good mind."
—Goodman.

MYRTLE ADELE KLEMME

"UTSIE"

"Virtue is the truest nobility."—Cervantes.

AGNELLA CATHERINE BRENNAN

"SIS"

"And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."
—Tennyson.

Duck Club, Pepperettes, History-Travel Club.

HUDSON B. LEESER

"BURR-HEAD"

"Learning makes a man fit company for himself."—Young.

Service Club, Student Council, E "B".

THOMAS BURROWS, JR.

"TOM"

"A good tall fellow."—Shakespeare.

Vice-Pres. Balsa Bugs, Swimming Team '42.

JO ANN PACE

"JOE"

"The greater the obstacle the more glory in overcoming it."—Moliere.

"Digest" Staff, Vice-Pres. Witenagemot, Sec., Vice-Pres. History-Travel Club, "Digest"-CADUCEUS Corr. Pepperettes, "Digest"-CADUCEUS Corr. Girls' Basketball Team, Shakespeare Club.

January '45

LESLIE M. BAGNALL
"LES"

"The great hope of society is individual character."—Channing.

Camera Club.

CLAIRE E. BALTZER

"The hand that follows intellect can achieve."
—Angelo.

Burbank Chapter Jr. Academy of Science, Shakespeare Club, La Voz De Espana, Spelling Team, Service Pin, E "B".

BETTY ALICE MORIAN
"BAM"

"No better relation than a prudent and faithful friend."—Franklin.

Pepperettes.

CATHERINE VIRGINIA RIMMEY
"CATHY"

"Happiness is the supreme object of existence."
—Lawson.

Pepperettes, Girls' Roller Skating Club.

To the senior part of everything, June

JUNE E. SHAVER

"The smile of beauty and the glow of youth."
—Bohn.

Ice Skating Club, Pepperettes.

THEODORE JOHN BOEHNING, JR.
"TED"

"Self respect is the best of all."—Ballou.

Burbank Chapter Junior Academy of Science, Boys' Bowling Club, Student Council.

WALTER EDWARD WAGNER

"He is the mildest mannered man."—Byron.

LAVERNE ALICE PARKER

"She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought."—Pope.

Service Club Award, E "B", Roller Skating Club.

January '45

EUGENE R. KLIPP
"GENE"

"Follow your honest convictions, and be strong."
—Thackeray.

Football Manager '41, '42, '43, Operetta, '42, '44, Service Club.

WANDA BOCKSTRUCK
"LUCKY"

"A maid so lovely."—Aldrich.

ELMAJEAN NORMAN

"A merry companion is music on a journey."
—Ray.

E "B".

DOROTHY LOUISE MORLOCK
"DOT"

Exuberance is beauty."—Blake.

E "B", Girls' Bowling Club.

AUDREY LEE DUFF
'DUFFY"

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low."
—Shakespeare.

Student Council, Apparatus Club, Pepperettes.

MARY ROSEMARIE BOZOIAN
"MAR"

"And her dark eyes—how eloquent."
—Rodgers.

Sec. Witenagemot, Burbank Chapter, Service Club, Typist "Digest", E "B" '41, '42, Student Council.

ROBERT ROLAND ECKERT
"BOB"

"Small skill is gained by those who cling to ease
The able sailor hails from stormy seas."
—Anonymous.

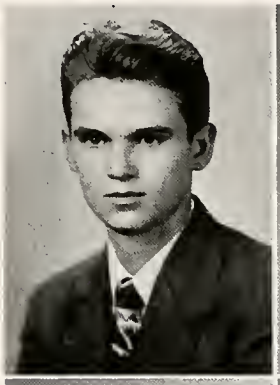
Boys' Bowling Club, Track "B", Service Club.

RONALD H. SPRENGER
"RON"

"A quiet conscience makes one so serene."
—Byron.

Technician, E "B" '43.

January '45



EUGENE E. DOWNS
"GENE"
"Of a calm and happy nature."—Plato.

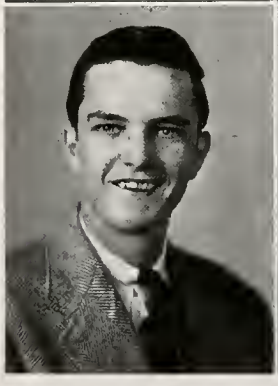
JANE BATHKE
"JANIE"
"Thou hast so much wit and mirth about thee."
—Addison.
Girls' Skating Club, Girls' Bowling Club.

ELVERA MILLER
"AL"
"Such joy ambition finds."—Milton.
Service Club Award, Roller Skating Club, E "B".

CAROL W. LAYTON
"NICKIE"
"The laughter of girls is among the delightful sounds of the earth."—DeQuincey.

LOIS J. REDENBAUGH
"JEANNIE"
"A laugh to be joyous must float from a joyous heart."—Carlye.
Operetta '42, '43, Service Club.

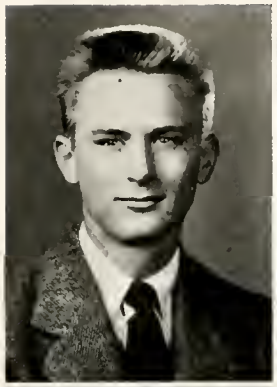
WILLIAM LINDY FURRY
"WILLY"
"I love my books as drinkers love their wine."
—Bennock.
Burbank Chapter, Spanish Club.



KENNETH E. RUESCHE
"The real character of a man is found out by his amusements."—Reynolds.
Student Council, Bowling Club, Gym Club, Baseball "B" '44.

BETTE JANE CROSS
"BET"
"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech."—Fields.
Duck Club, Art Appreciation Club, Pepperettes, Bowling Club, Swimming Team.

January '45



ALLAN KENNETH SCHMIDT
"AL"

"Argeyment is a gift of Nature."—Dickens.

Swimming '43, "B" '44, Golf "B" '43, '44, Baseball '44.

MARY L. MOELLING
"PAT"

"Most resplendent hair."—Wordsworth.

Duck Club, Swimming Team, Basketball Team, Pepperettes, Service Club.

GEORGIA LENORA FIELDS

"Kindness in women shall win my love."
—Shakespeare.

Pepperettes, Operetta '43, Student Council.

LOIS ELAINE LUCAS

"Mirth is the sweet wine of human life."
—Beecher.

Pepperettes, Operetta '43, '44.

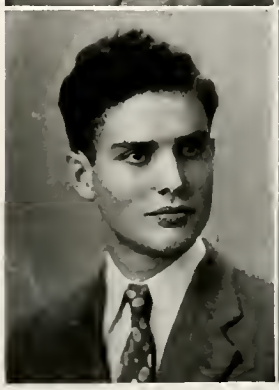
IMOGENE MARY NOLTE
"JEAN"

"Virtue is the performance of pleasant actions."
—Stephens.

Girls' Roller Skating Club, Girls' Bowling Club.

JAMES E. WILLIAMS
"JIM"

"Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertaking."—Johnson.



EDGAR CROCKER

"He conquers who endures."—Persius.

ROSALEE I. SLAUGHTER

"How goodness heightens beauty."—More.

January '45

JAY F. SIMPSON

"They love him, gentlemen, and they respect him."—McElroy.

Pres. Physiography Club, Rifle Club, Service Club.

DORIS MAE JONES

"SKEETS"

"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."—Shakespeare.

Sec.-Treas. Art Appreciation Club, CADUCEUS Corr. Girls' Swimming Team, Service Club, Girls' Basketball Team, Pepperettes.

MARJORIE JEAN WALSH

"MARGIE"

"A kind heart is a fountain of gladness making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles."—Irving.

Pepperettes, Girls' Bowling Team.

DUANE JOSEPH BIBKO

"BIB"

"A good man possesses a kingdom."—Thyestes.

Track '41, '42, '43, B. A. A.

WILLIAM ALLEN SODEMANN

"BILL"

"Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies."—Bartol.

Boys' Skating Club.

RUTH M. BEYER

"RUTHIE"

"Golden opinions from all sorts of people."—Shakespeare.

MARTHA KIRCHHOFF

"MARTY"

"Fair words never hurt the tongue."—Chapman.

Novelty Orchestra, Operettas '43, '44.

PARKER C. THOMPSON

"TOM"

"Remember that what you believe will depend very much upon what you are."—Porter.

Service Club, E "B", Student Council.

January '45

VERNON OBERGOENNER

"He was one to speak plain and to the purpose."
—Shakespeare.

Basketball.

FRANCES L. RAGSDALE
"RAGS"

"Beautiful eyes in the face of a handsome woman."—Lythor.

Student Council, Pepperettes, Alfred Marshall Club.

GOLDYE RAE BLANK
"GOLDIE"

"Give me an honest laughter."—Scott.

Library Club, Service Club Letter, Duck Club.

CHESTER E. BLEIKAMP
"CHET"

"Wisdom comes to no one by chance."—Seneca.

Service Club, E "B", Burbank Chapter.

EARL VOTAW

"To a young heart everything is fun."
—Dickens.

GLORIA J. SCHULTZ
"GLOR"

"Patience and gentleness are power."
—Montgomery.

Sec. Girls' Ice Skating Club, Service Club.

ROSE ANN CHMIELECKI

"O music, sphere descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid."
—Collins.

Operetta '43, "Digest" Staff, E "B", Physiography Club.

JACK W. SCHNEFKE

"I profess not talking: Only this, let each man do his best."—Shakespeare.

January '45

JACK GORDON BRISCOE
"BRISK"

"A man of letters, manners, morals, parts."
—Cowper.

Baseball '42, '43, '44, Student Council '42.

LOIS GOLTERMANN
"LO"

"Those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honour."—Shakespeare.

Shakespeare Club, Girls' Basketball, History-Travel Club, CADUCEUS and "Digest" Corr., Service Award, Pepperettes, E "B".

ROWENA WHITT

"Silence is a fine jewel for a woman."—Fuller.

JULIUS HAECKEL

"He is well paid, that is well satisfied."
—Shakespeare.

ARTHUR RONAT
"ART"

"He stands among his fellow-men like a lighthouse midst the waves."—Anon.

LOIS JEANE NORLING

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."—Longfellow.

Student Council, Service Pin, Pepperettes.

NADINE MILLER

"Personal beauty is a greater recommendation than any letter of introduction."
—Stevenson.

History-Travel Club, Girls' Bowling Club, Pepperettes.

JAMES E. HENDRY
"JIM"

"All doors open to courtesy."—Fuller.

January '45

LORRAINE DELORES ORTLEB
"LORRY"

"Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire."
—Spenser.

Asst. Sec. Bowling Club, Walking Club, Operetta '44, Service Club, Pepperettes.

ELAINE GRACE ERBE
"BABE"

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."—Tennyson.

Service Club, Pepperettes, Bowling Club.

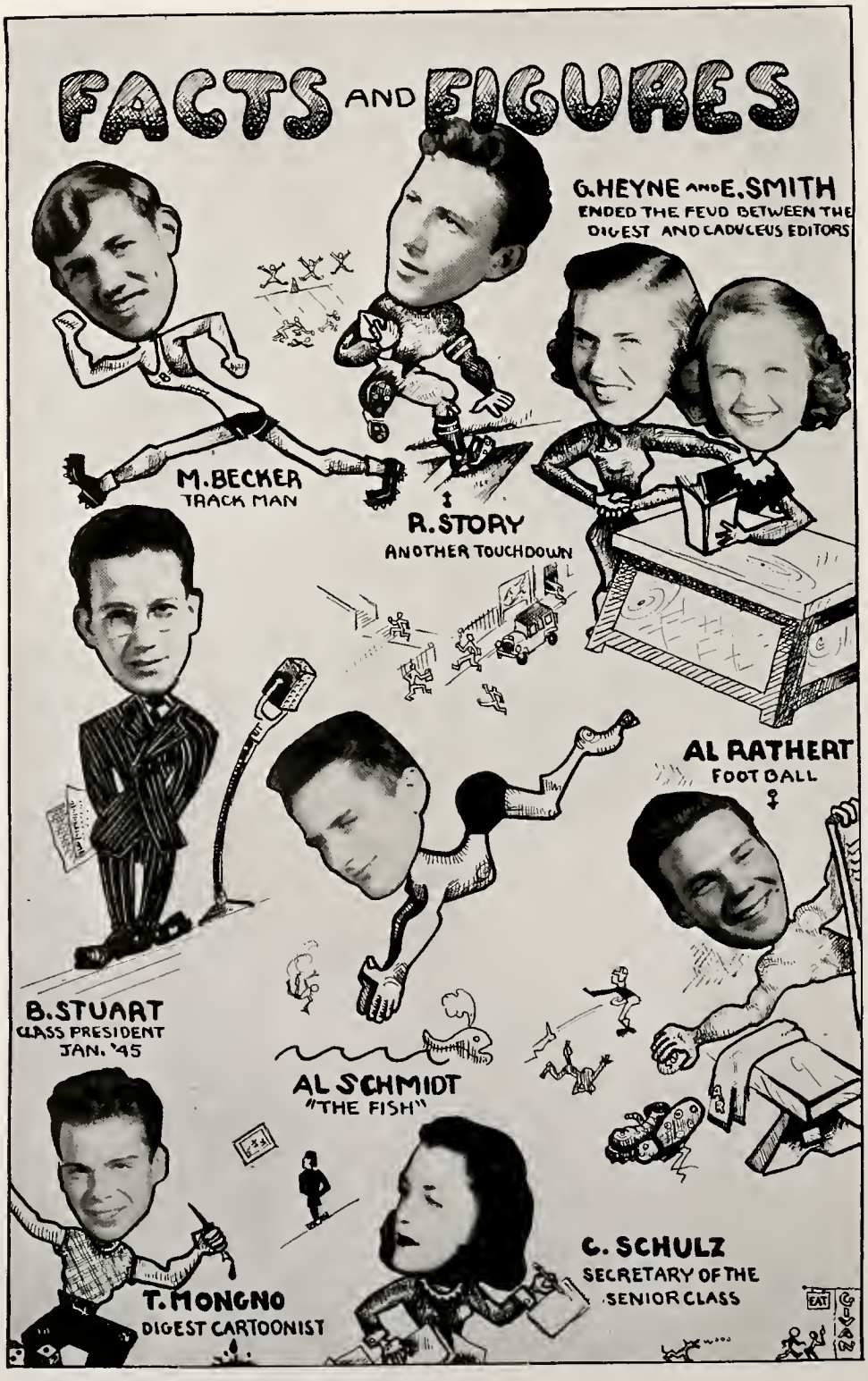
JACQUELYN J. SUTER
"JACKIE"

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eyes."
—Milton.

Student Council, Girls' Swimming Team, Service Club, History-Travel Club, Operetta '43, '44, E "B".

FACTS AND FIGURES
J. JAECH
PRESIDENT OF THE JUNIOR ACADEMY OF SCIENCE
B. MARUSIC
TRACK-FOOTBALL
L. M. DIGMAN
NOTED FOR HER BASKETBALL ABILITY
B. HOBBS
AND CAR
STOP DAT DANCING UP DERE!
L. FUCHS
CADUCEUS SNAPSHOT EDITOR
D. WOOD
RAH-RAH
?!?
B. McNAMARA
CHEERLEADER
STUDENT COUNCIL REP. FOR SENIOR CLASS
E. ERBE
BOOK-KEEPER

CAN YOU IMAGINE?
B. WRIGHT
CADUCEUS LITERARY EDITOR READING THE "NEW YORKER."
G. OGIER
NOT WEARING HIS "BIG" SHOES.
S. ZEMBLIDGE
NOT WEARING A BOWTIE.
BEAUMONT
"MUTER" SCHILLER
THE "LITTLE GOOBLER" NOT EATING AFTER THE GAMES.
"DOOKIE" RATZ
MAKING EYES AT "NUTS"
G. GANNON
TAKING PIANO LESSONS.
E. LANSCHE
WITH A NICKNAME LIKE "SHORTY."
G. MOBLEY
CLASS TREASURER
GIVAN


FACTS AND FIGURES
G. HEYNE AND E. SMITH
ENDED THE FEUD BETWEEN THE DIGEST AND CADUCEUS EDITORS
M. BECKER
TRACK MAN
R. STORY
ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN
AL RATHERT
FOOT BALL
B. STUART
CLASS PRESIDENT
JAN. '45
AL SCHMIDT
"THE FISH"
C. SCHULZ
SECRETARY OF THE SENIOR CLASS
T. MONGNO
DIGEST CARTOONIST

FACTS AND FIGURES
FRY ME COOKIE IN A PAN OF LARD
DOING
ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ANYONE IN BEAUMONT IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.
(READING CLOCK WISE.)
J. HARDY
J. SCHMITZ
F. RAGSDALE
M.E. O'LAUGHLIN
AT TAYLORS'
N. WENGERT
VICE PRES.
SENIOR CLASS
S. EILERMANN
BEAUMONT
POSTURE
QUEEN.
M. REINERT
TRACK AND TENNIS
MAN.
B. CORKE
A GREAT FOOTBALL
PLAYER
GIVAN

The assured right of all the people to an education for freedom...

OPPORTUNITY
LIBERTY
TOLERANCE
JUSTICE
EQUALITY
FREEDOM
C. RIMMEY
NEW SENIORS

NEW SENIORS, A-K

NEW SENIORS, L-Z

NEW SENIORS

GERALD ROSENKOETTER

In September, 1941, a group of youngsters destined to become the class of June, 1945, entered the great and then bewildering Beaumont High School. Now, six terms later, having solved all the mysteries of Beaumont, we have entered in our senior year. This brings the dream of joining the ranks of the "high and mighty" seniors close to being a reality.

With entertainment and fun galore planned for the next term, the other three years of drudgery, already passed, will be but a dream. There will be the usual dancing class for the "non-hep" members of our large class, and, with the string of parties planned, the dancing class should have a large membership—judging from the size of the stag lines at the recent dances.

Our class is the first for several terms to start its senior term with a full complement of boys.

President	Bob Mengersen
Vice-President	Marie Prange
Secretary	Audrey Fischer
Treasurer	Clyde Conrad
"Digest" Correspondent	Betty Ann Knickmeyer
CADUCEUS Correspondent	Gerald Rosenkoetter
Student Council	Phyllis Franklin William Becker Veronica Murphy
Executive Committee	Tom Anderson Shirey Tyer Bob Ebert

Caduceus

Ah! Men

Zowie!

Where's Your Whistle?

Something New Has Been Added

All Root

—And This Girl!

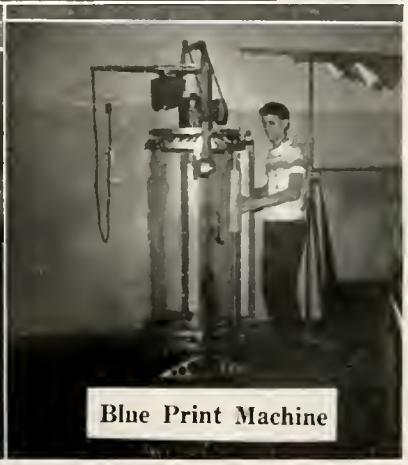
Stow Away

Soup's On

Un Buen Maestro

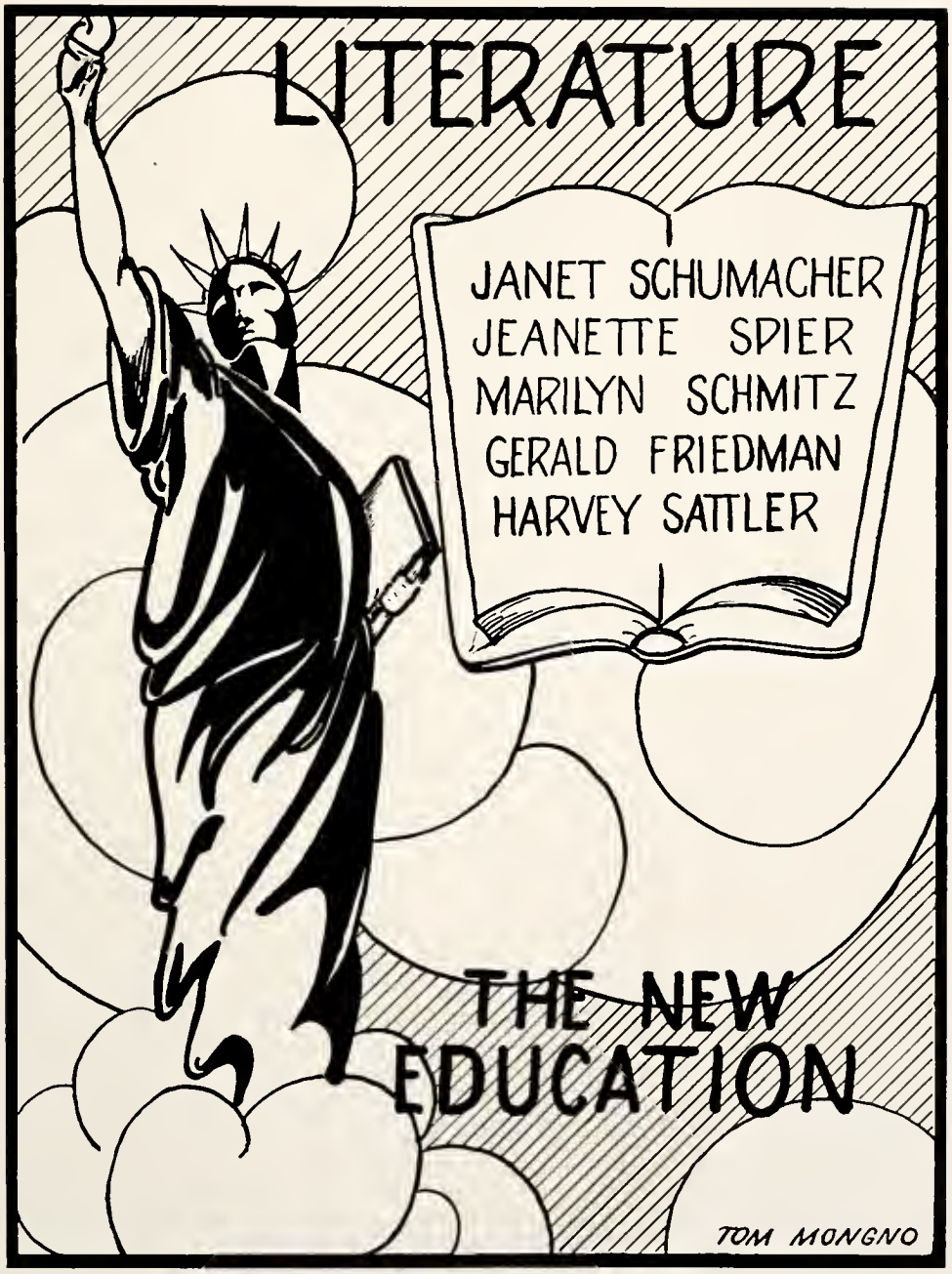
Vogue's Latest

Swing Your Partner



Blue Print Machine

The right of each person to express himself without fear of persecution..


LITERATURE
JANET SCHUMACHER
JEANETTE SPIER
MARILYN SCHMITZ
GERALD FRIEDMAN
HARVEY SATTLER
THE NEW EDUCATION
TOM MONGNO

SUCH IS LIFE

JEANETTE SPIER

"AND you're a preacher's daughter!" The varied expressions of banter, surprise, disbelief, rebuke, skepticism, and dismay with which I've heard these words spoken might reveal my life story, for I belong to that vast association of children born in a manse. "P. K.'s," we call ourselves—preachers' kids. And however different each of us from the other, we must all share one theory about ourselves.

In fairy tales and Greek legends, the fate of an individual is in the hands of the gods; for us there is a general and widespread agreement that all of us must inevitably fall into one of two classes. Either we will be small saints, or we must be, in polite terms, holy terrors. (I will let you entertain your own opinion as to which side owns the majority.) Because of this belief, when I was very little, I often had the feeling that people regarded me, not as a person, but as a sort of project or experiment, the outcome of which was still in doubt, and which was therefore extremely interesting from a scientific point of view. This idea instilled in me a strong spirit of contrariness. I decided that I would disappoint them all by being neither. With that in mind, I joined forces with my older sister, and we began our miniature crusade to form a new and different class of minister's daughters.

The result of my determination not to follow either of the two paths mentioned in the introduction brought its problems from the beginning. At the age of five, one of my favorite pastimes was buying penny candy at the corner store. The joys of those beautiful rows of every kind of delicious chocolate are unforgettable to this day. My only difficulty was in dealing with the owner, who was an aged woman whose outlook on life was definitely not that of a lover of children. It was hard to face her hostile stare and at the same time concentrate on the momentous decision of how to spend your two cents, but the reward was greater than the suffering. One day as I walked toward home with a treasured bag clutched tightly in my hand, I began to examine its contents once more before actually tasting them. To my indescribable astonishment, there was an extra piece! When I had recovered from the wonder of this unheard-of event, there ensued a mighty struggle with my conscience, during which I stood in the middle of the sidewalk listening to the inner arguments on both sides of the question. At last my better self won. I walked back, as slowly as possible, told the owner about the mistake, and like a true martyr, returned the piece that had caused the struggle. But disillusionment followed. Unlike the ladies of story books, she did not reward me for my honesty. Instead, alas, I had to go hungry!

As vivid as is the memory of that, a still stronger impression was made on me by one that followed. My sister and I spent much of our time with two girls from across the street who were near our own ages. Of course there were arguments from time to time, some of them serious enough to bring forth a mutual declaration that we would have nothing to do with each other, the two sisters not involved joining the two opponents in this agreement. On one such occasion the four of us were discussing a new pair of skates that Lois and I had. Our evident pride in this big event finally brought the neighbor's jealousy to the breaking point. She succeeded in conveying the intensity of

her emotion with a classic remark which should be written in red letters. "Well, we may not have as much money as you do, but at least *my* father doesn't have to *pass the plate* to get *me* something." Needless to say, both of us were completely floored. Never before had this thought occurred to me, but after the impact of the cold, hard facts I began to think of it rather seriously. At this point I decided that the profession of church work was not what I wanted when I grew up. It was all right for my parents, but not for me.

Up to this time I had had no worries about my aims in life, but now I was forced to find a vocation. With my entrance into the first grade at school a wonderful opportunity was presented to me. Our class decided to enter the dramatic field with a presentation on the stage of a wonderful piece of literature, the "Three Little Pigs." My enthusiasm knew no bounds as we worked together to plan the scenery, costumes, dialogue, and casting of the play. This, however, was nothing when compared with my utter joy at being selected as one of the pigs. This, I thought, was the very peak of success in what I then determined would be my lifework—acting. My costume was a dream, complete with a pillow for stuffing and a paper bag for a hat with artificial ears sticking out. I counted the days, rehearsed the part, and invited all my acquaintances to the great performance. In the midst of preparations, the blow fell. Two days before The Day I awoke to notice a number of queer-looking red spots on my face and arms. I tried not to accept the obvious explanation, but in the end I had to admit that it really was the measles. The humiliation and despair of this disappointment were beyond words—so much so that my love for the acting profession was transferred to other lines.

The next ambition was influenced a great deal by my sister. Both of us were avid Orphan Annie fans, and we took advantage of an offer on her radio program one summer which provided a pair of handcuffs and a magnifying glass to anyone who sent in the required coupons and money. When these arrived, we embarked on a career as detectives which was to lead us through many harrowing experiences. The first "cases" seemed rather tame, but before we had had time to tire of our new occupation, the perfect crime was presented for our solution right in our own back yard. Someone stole the lawn-mower. At once we began to make plans for tracking down this vicious public enemy, and we were very professional about it. First came thorough cross-examinations of our neighbors, who unfortunately had not been alert enough to catch a glimpse of the criminal; then there was a search of the premises for clues. After following false leads from harmless footprints and stray items in the yard, we resorted to systematically combing the town for suspicious characters. And one appeared very soon. Not only did he have the necessary disreputable appearance to qualify him as a suspect, but he actually was seen pushing a lawn-mower down the street. At this critical point our tender years betrayed us—not one of group of shadowers could summon enough courage to confront the man. The only course left us was a strategic withdrawal to our parents and the police. Will this episode ever rate as a mystery classic? It is sad, but the unromantic truth is that the mysterious white-haired old man disappeared, and neither he nor the lawn-mower was ever seen again. An ambition I would like to fulfill in future years is to go back and finish this work in order to prove beyond doubt that crime does not pay.

As we turn the pages from these comparatively temporary disappointments, the pages show a more lasting experience—in fact, a struggle of ten years. To anyone who has ever learned to play a musical instrument my feelings

will be easy to share. After my introduction to the piano at a very early age, these began to occupy more and more of my time. While there were endless hours of practice, there were other moments in compensation. Most outstanding were two years of lessons with a very eccentric but fascinating teacher who lived, thought, and breathed music. I must confess I was a little frightened at first at her intensity, but I later found that it was this quality in her that kept me looking forward to each lesson. Although she might forget everything about you as a person, even to your name and the time of the lesson, she never forgot one tiny part of a composition you were working with. To her sensitive ear the pain of a sour note was as excruciating as the agony of a mother who sees her child hurt. My lessons must have brought on the most intense suffering she had ever known. But to me they were heavenly. Each time my scheduled half-hour lengthened to sixty or ninety minutes as we worked and labored in trying to get the right feeling from the music and then sat longer to discuss great music, musicians, and methods at length. I used to emerge from her studio feeling almost as if I stepped from one world into another, and somewhere in those months I determined that her life was the one I would most like to follow. This was an ambition that helped me combat stage fright for a long time afterwards.

A footnote on this page of the past recalls a tribute to our long-suffering neighbors who for so long a time were forced to listen to my piano and me. I am convinced they possessed nerves of steel and a very hardened hearing apparatus. Otherwise they could not have lived next door and still remained members of the church.

In the midst of my musical yearnings, I acquired a new enthusiasm along entirely different lines. Our family went on a vacation trip to the woods of Minnesota. There the influence of scenery, unlimited swimming, boating, fishing, and camping produced a resolution on my part that this kind of life was for me.

In a nearby cabin was a very attractive, vivacious, and persuasive red-haired girl who was also impressed with the desirability of the place. We began to explore the region, and finally were convinced that we should make a secret pact to the effect that in a few years when we were old enough we would meet each other again, pool our life savings, and establish ourselves in a cozy cottage on Lake Carlos. The prospect of this life-long vacation, of living on fish and wild berries, of no work except a little housekeeping and swimming, and of just being in that enchanting place, surrounded and shut in by tall birch bark and pine trees, with a view of the long stretch of golden sand disappearing into the lake for our "front yard"—all this was definitely appealing. Also, I had heard the natives talk about the very deep snows and heavily iced lakes of Minnesota winter, and to me, whose winters usually were too warm to be satisfactory, it was the final bit that broke down any resistance I may have had.

We were to break this plan to our parents gently, and I attempted to do this on more than one occasion without success. They were never assured that I really meant it.

And not too much later I found a new prospect for the future to blot out all the others. For the next summer found me attending a young people's conference on a college campus for my first days away from home. In the whirlwind program of meetings, classes, devotionals, vespers, recreation, and parties, I met and heard speeches by a missionary from South America. His

talks made the place and the work so altogether romantic and exciting that I once more began to make plans for a vocation—this time one like his. The only obstacles as I saw it were that I must first learn to speak the Spanish language fluently and then overcome my intense fear of the insects, snakes, scorpions, and animals he had described as natives of the country. To balance, or rather overbalance, these insignificant items were so many things: the picturesque scenery, the enchanting way of life, the people, all pictured as I knew them from movies, books, and the man's own version of the story. In my imagination I was a combination of Dr. Livingston, Joan of Arc, Jane Addams and Osa Johnson. In a few more years there I would be sailing off for Colombia, or Peru, or Ecuador, ready to see for myself the unequaled beauty and rare civilization of Latin America. Here I could realy fulfill my mission in life!

With this ambition I had completed a circle, for it was the one most strongly influenced by my years of being a minister's daughter. I clung to it for a long time.

Though the list or chain of aspirations and events goes on and on, the pages of the book grow fewer, for the others must be recorded in a sequel to this one. In that book, too, I will know my choice of all the hopes I've written of.

THOUGHTS WHILE LOOKING OUT OF ROOM 325

First Period, November 7, 1944

HARVEY SATTLER

The clouds, the mist, the smoke all join
Upon the dim horizon;
The sun shines dim through smoke and cloud;
Weak light, no heat it gives.

The rooftops dull in this wan light—
Row upon row they stand,
Chimneys pointing to the sky:
Some give forth smoke,
Some are still;
All stand like sentinels
Awaiting the sun,
Which they know must soon break through.

The sun comes from behind its fleecy mask,
The rooftops shine resplendent,
But still the clouds and mist do hang.
Upon the dim horizon.

"TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"

JANET SCHUMACHER

IT WAS pitch dark as I lay there listening to the persistent ticking of the clock and tensely waiting. Wasn't it nearly time now? There! As the alarm went off, I jumped up and silenced the clock. Even as I did this, I saw a small circle of light advancing across the hall. For a moment I was frightened, but then I realized that it was Mother with a flashlight. She came in and asked, "Do you think you ought to go? It was raining pretty hard."

"Well," I replied, "I haven't heard from Ed or anyone. I imagine they still intend going."

After a good look out the window, Mother said, "It's stopped raining now. I suppose it will be all right."

Thus at 2:15 A. M., the day of Thursday, October 5, 1944—the day of the second game of the World Series—began for me.

I flew into my clothes. Then I hurriedly fried bacon and eggs and burned a piece of toast. (I don't like fried eggs, but I can't cook them any other way.) As the deadline of 3:00 A. M. approached, I heard the footsteps I was expecting.

Tom and I met on the porch. He greeted me with, "You're not going, are you?"

"Why not?" I asked.

"With all this rain, I didn't think we'd go," he replied.

"Well," I said, "I haven't heard from anyone else. Besides, we can't do any more than get wet."

"O. K.," he said, taking off his coat. "Hold this. I'll have to go back and get my lunch."

We caught our bus and after a short ride and a walk of eight or ten blocks, we found ourselves at Edna's. There Tom and I, Ray, and Edna were to meet at 3:45. Tom and I were approximately on time. However, when we came to the house we could see no light nor any other sign of life. Neither was there any evidence of Ray around. Tom thought that perhaps Edna had decided not to go to the game. I favored the theory that she had slept through the alarm. The question which then presented itself was how to awaken Edna without arousing the rest of the family, not to mention the neighbors. I thought of climbing to the porch roof and knocking on her window, but on second thought it didn't seem very practical. I called softly, but her windows were closed and the only answer I received was from the dog downstairs, who began to bark.

We finally decided to ring the doorbell, having no fear that it would rouse the household and much doubt that it would awaken Edna. It didn't, but it did wake her mother. The door was soon opened by a sleepy looking be-curled figure who drowsily said, "Come in."

Tom and I went up to wait for Edna to get ready. Tom asked, "Hasn't Ray come by yet?"

Edna replied, "Well, he may have, but he certainly didn't wake me up."

"Maybe he came by and thinking you were not going, went on," I put in.

"That's what I would have done," added Tom.

It was close to five o'clock when the three of us reached Sportsman's Park. There we found, per arrangement, Lois, her mother, Pat, and Jo Ann, but no Ray. Both groups asked almost simultaneously, "Where's Ray?"

Fifteen damp, dreary, and dark minutes later the question was answered as a sleepy-eyed Ray appeared and announced, "I didn't hear the alarm, and I sort of overslept."

However, we were not to have the pleasure of Ray's company immediately, for Jeannine had been waiting for him to come by since 3:30.

After Jeannine and Ray arrived permanently, we settled ourselves cosily on the financial page of the previous Friday's Post-Dispatch to enjoy our vigil in the "cold gray dawn." The dawn didn't remain cold very long, though. At what is a normal breakfast hour Mr. and Mrs. Smith came over with a thermos jug of hot cocoa and a bag of delicious sweet rolls. Only some one who has had a similar experience can know how good that tasted.

While we were still eating and appreciating our second breakfast, John Farber, the CADUCEUS photographer, came over in his official capacity to satisfy our vanity. As he snapped our picture, the line began to close up, and a few minutes later we joyously entered the bleachers waving goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

It didn't take us long to get settled, and soon a game of four-handed gin rummy was doing nicely for Ed and Jo, who were beating the socks off Tom and Lois. Tom and Jo lost the second game to Ed and me. As it isn't much of a jump from gin rummy to bridge, we soon had a game of the latter going. Just as I won the bid for two hearts, some one spied a photographer, and nothing would do but to have our picture taken playing bridge. For a week now we've been searching all the papers for that picture. It hasn't shown up yet but don't think we've given up hope!

After we finished the bridge and while we were eating our respective lunches, the players came out for batting and fielding practice. The crowd seemed quite divided as to loyalty to the two teams. Both were booed and cheered as they came out on the field. Though my own affections lay with the Cardinals, in our group the Brown rooters were obviously in the majority.

You are all familiar with the playing of the game. Nothing really happened until the Browns tied the score in the seventh. Then Manager Southworth put in Blix Donnelly as a relief pitcher. I have never been so excited over any ball game before. The fate of the game rode on every pitch, and on every pitch I along with the two other Card rooters in our crowd begged Donnelly to "hold 'em," or "strike 'em out!" On the other side the numerous Brownie fans pulled just as hard for their sluggers to park one in the bleachers.

When the Cards were at bat you could have heard us yelling for Musial, or Sanders, or Marion to "sock that apple!" or perhaps we might call on them to "Let's get a rally going here, boys!"

Things went on in this vein for much too long. My throat was showing signs of soreness, and the Arkansan in front of me assured me, "Sister, you're goin' to be hoarse for a week." Then he added, "My ears'll never be the same again, either."

Luckily the game ended in the eleventh inning with O'Dea's hit sending Sanders scurrying home, for I couldn't have taken another inning of that suspense and excitement.

We all went home tired and looking a mess, but as far as I'm concerned, it was one of the most enjoyable days of my life.

"FRIENDLY DOMICILE"

As Told to MARIE PRANGE

We call it "Friendly Domicile," for a charming simple little cottage such as ours deserves a charming, simple name. Ninety miles out Highway 66 past the little highway-town of St. James, and then seven miles due east across the Ozark wilds to the rippling waters of the Meramec River—and here is our clubhouse! It's no ordinary house; it's very unusual. Nestled among the trees atop the hill, a half-mile winding road leads directly there. Lovely spreading oaks shade the one-car gravel road. A crystal clear brook crosses a third of the way up, and a substantial, but picturesque, wooden bridge connects the two portions of the road. I like to think as I hike over this narrow route through the wooded hillsides and at last arrive at "Friendly Domicile," of the pioneers, and how warm and happy they must have been when they saw a blazing campfire through the distant trees—when they saw a homey atmosphere.

From the front of our cabin, one can look across the green valley and see the river winding its way snake-like on and on. The lovely lawn is bedded with fuchsia petunias—quite an alluring spot. Up four stone steps you will find an 8'x30' screened porch, furnished with very soft comfortable chairs and couch swings.

It was a warm and sunny spring day, Saturday, May 5, 1943, when two of my friends, Jack Kraemer and Bud Bowers, and I decided on a trip to this delightful place. When a wisp of invigorating air slapped our faces we became full of animation and adventure. Mr. Bowers had brought us as far as the little road on his way to work. So three fifteen-year-old boys were hiking great speed at seven A. M., to fill their empty stomachs—"the sooner the better," we always said. Undoubtedly, my thought coincided with Bob's and Bud's. "Oh, for some scrambled eggs with bacon, and that delicious plum coffee cake, and a steaming cup of cocoa." (Mom always had Mr. Starnes' store a mile east of us deliver sufficient food for our week-ends.)

Soon my thoughts became very real, and I said, "Hey, fellows, I can almost smell that bacon and those eggs!"

Bud and Bob laughingly agreed at my vivid imagination, but soon Bob commented, "Say, Jim, you got *me* goin' now—boy! I'm almost smellin' those eggs myself."

But not Bud, for his thought since we had planned our outing was not for food, but adventure. "Let's explore that cave at the foot of Poplar Hill. No tellin' what sort of relics and stuff we may find," he said. "Maybe a skeleton or two—who knows?"

So, when we finally reached our "large and comfy" (Dad had always called it that!) porch, Bud flopped himself in a soft chair, and mumbled, "Jim, you and Bob fix breakfast: I'm anything but domestic." (Bob was the star of our freshman football team at high.)

I stopped abruptly. "Fellows, I really do smell bacon frying and it's not my imagination *this* time!"

"Aw, go on," said Bob, "your Mom said just the three of us'd be here."

I had never liked Bob to a great extent; he antagonized me sometimes, and this was one of those times. "O. K., chum, then why don't you help us cook the breakfast?"

"Quit arguing, you two. Let's make the breakfast and eat: I'm starved," said Bud.

So we walked in, Bud, Bob, and I, and as we looked through the front room to the kitchen, there we saw, standing over our little gas range, a man in olive drab overalls with the letters "PW" plainly seen on the back. He had not heard us enter: so in a soft startled whisper Bud said, "My gosh! a German prisoner, and right in this house."

I dashed over to Sgt. O'Brien, the policeman who spends each week-end with his wife in the cottage down the road, to relate the news.

"Sgt. Tom," I panted, "we've captured a prisoner of war! Come on over! Bob and Bud are there. He doesn't know he's been spotted."

"Oh, Jimmy boy," said Sgt. Tom, "you're a great one for pranks, but really, I'm too tired now."

"Honest, Sgt. Tom, no kidding this time," I jabbered gravely, " 'cause I really mean it—please come right away."

Sgt. Tom must have been convinced, for in just two minutes he had snatched his gun, and we were quietly trotting over to "Friendly Domicile." My heart pounded furiously as we quietly crept into the living room. Bud and Bob stood there like statues, just as I had left them.

After a short time Tom finally said, "Don't get excited, buddy; we've got you covered."

Our prowler turned around only to reveal the startled expression on his face. "My name is Karl. I'm the prisoner they've been looking for since last month. Take me—I don't care, only let me finish eating. I haven't eaten in three days."

I was surprised how skilfully he flipped the eggs—"fried on both sides" he had said. But his next remark amazed me even more. He said, "I don't really know why I ran away. It's just that I wanted to be free in the woods and have a home-cooked meal."

Karl left with Sgt. Tom after breakfast, and we went, too. The jail was seven miles away, but Tom drove us there in thirty minutes. We conducted our peaceful prisoner to the captain, who said, "And three fifteen-year-olds captured a German prisoner?" Had we had hats on our heads we would have burst them, and Karl's comments made us seem even more courageous.

A lovely week-end had just begun, and three excited boys spent the next two days saying, "Just think, he might have . . ." So we spent the week-end and went home with a story to arouse any boy's envy. As soon as we walked into my home, here it was in the newspaper—just a small article, but it contained our three names and "played up" our capture to every extreme.

Sunday evening three freshman high school boys went to bed—excited, happy, with a "tale to tell their sons." Life was now complete!

THE ATTENTIVE BEAU

SHIRLEY WATSON

The room was gayly decorated in orange and black—the color scheme for Hallowe'en. Everyone was laughing and talking.

On the other side of the room I found, much to my amazement, a very good-looking boy. He had the prettiest deep blue eyes and light blonde wavy hair. A dream if there ever was one, especially since males have become scarce lately!

I approached my victim with a bright smile and a cheery "Hello". He gave me a shy look and returned my greeting. I tried every one of my charms on him, but they didn't seem to work. What could I do now? I couldn't think of any more tactics; so I turned my attention back to the party and concentrated on having a good time.

Later in the evening I went into the hall-room to retouch my face. While I was in there, my glamour boy came in. He came straight toward me with a devilish look in his eyes. "I'm going to get you!" were the words which came from his smiling lips. What will I do now? I thought. Gosh, I shouldn't have tried so hard to make him interested in me! The next thing I knew he had his arms around my neck and was kissing me for all he was worth. Everyone was looking in our direction. Oh, how I wished the floor would open up and swallow me; but I could do nothing. He was determined to kiss me five times, and I was no match against such a strong, masterful, masculine will! At last! Whew! A person to my rescue.

I was certainly relieved when my ardent lover's mother came and led him away from me.

A warning to all lonely girls: flirt only with men your own age. The six and seven-year-old males are dynamite. I know from experience.

THE POOR WEAKER SEX

GENE WALSH

At one time there were many quarrels just between my brother and me, we would quarrel about many things, especially clothes. You see, we both had the same build; he could wear my shirts and I could wear his. I would wear his shoes and he would wear mine. We lived with our little quarrels until about a year ago, when the girls got the idea to wear boys' shirts, boys' bluejeans, boys' socks and so forth.

Now my brother and I do not quarrel any more, mainly because we don't have anything to quarrel about, for you see the feminine sex has stepped in. Sis doesn't buy clothes any more; when she wants to go to a football game or somewhere else, she just takes my bluejeans and socks and Bud's shirt. Even my baby brother is starting to revolt because now she has his hat. What chance has the male sex?

JUST LIKE TREES

JEAN GERDEL

I saw two trees stand side by side
Amid so many others.
I saw two trees, their leaf-filled limbs
Entwined around the others.
And there they stood through storm and calm,
Branches locked together;
There they stood, friends never parting
No matter what the weather.

One day the leaves upon the trees
Were sure to wither away.
The bark would fall, the roots would rot;
Then death would come to stay.

Did these two trees stand side by side
Along with many others?
I know they did, their lifeless limbs
Entwined around the others.
Forevermore through storm and calm
Branches locked together;
Forevermore, friends never parting
No matter what the weather.

Today we friends stand side by side
Along with many others.
We two friends, our loving hearts
Entwined around the others.
Like this we stand through storm and calm,
Firmly bound together.
Like this we stand, friends never parting,
No matter what the weather.

Some day like trees we must grow old,
Wither and fade away;
Some day like trees our end will come,
And death step in to stay.

Yet death will never part us, dear,
Although it's true of others.
Just like those trees, our loving souls
Will twine around the others.
Two trees, two souls, forevermore
Leaving life's storm together.
Everlasting friends, please God,
Not caring what the weather.

THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS

DOROTHY MASON

MR. MARTIN flicked his cigarette ashes into the ash tray, laid his newspaper on his knees, and nodded his wife to listen to the conversation that was rapidly increasing in volume in the next room.

"Yah, but that's not fair! You have six dollars and I have only four to begin with! If we each have to chip in two dollars, I'll have hardly anything left. I'd rather have a present for myself." It was fifteen-year-old Don, the eldest of the Martin trio, speaking with no little heat.

"But, listen, Donny!" Dorothy, his sister, who was only a year younger, was making her tone as persuasive as possible. "We can't get Mother and Dad much by ourselves, but if we all chip in, we can buy them that new croquet set that we've been wanting so long!"

'That's okay for you," chimed in ten-year-old Bobby, "but if I chip in two dollars, I'll be in the hole!" and he desolately spread out the contents of his treasury—eighty-seven cents.

"Oh, well, all right!" Dorothy was quick to see that, with her brothers' finances at such low ebb, the burden of the croquet set for Mother and Dad would fall upon her. "What'll we give them, then?"

"I'm going to give them a present together—'O'Reilly of Notre Dame'." Don evidently had his plans all made. "I've been trying to get that book from the library all fall, and it's always out. Pete says it's swell. I can get it at the book store for seventy-five cents, and I'll have three and a quarter left! Boy! oh boy!" Don hugged himself with glee.

"And I'll get them a new Chinese checkers game," Bobby remarked.

"Since *you* lost all the marbles!" cut in Don.

"I did not!" For a moment Bobby looked inclined to fight, but his finances were of most concern just then. "I believe I'll just get marbles, though, 'cause our board is still good. I can get them for a quarter."

"If you're going to buy presents for Mother and Dad together, I am, too," Dorothy decided. "I'll get them one of those non-tarnishable frames for my picture on the mantel. I've wanted one for so long, and I know they'll like that. They're only a dollar. I'll have enough left to buy myself one of those blue-lined hoods that will look so pretty with the fur coat I'm almost sure Mother and Dad are going to give me."

"Believe me, if you get a fur coat, I'm going to have my airplane model set with all the fixings!—or there'll be war! This is a democracy, and they can't do that to me!" Donald used that slogan frequently, but this time he looked as if he meant it.

"Yeah, and I'm gonna have my bike! Just because you're a girl you think you ought to have everything." Bobby was scornful. "And I'm gonna have——"

Just then the door that had been ajar blew shut, and the remainder of Bobby's Christmas list was lost to his parents, whose faces wore expressions of mingled amusement and anxiety.

"Well?" Mr. Martin looked at his wife. "Shall we?"

"I already have Dorothy's fur coat," Mrs. Martin answered. "I got it at a sale and it wasn't expensive."

"We can manage them, all right. I've ordered the airplane set and the bicycle—but I can arrange about them, too. Shall we?" Mr. Martin was more insistent.

"It will ruin Christmas for all of us this year, but I think we had better," agreed Mrs. Martin rather sadly. "We shall!"

Before midnight service on Christmas Eve, the usual distribution of presents began. The tree had been placed in the center on the enormous star on the floor. In each point were placed all the presents for one member of the family. This year there seemed to be an unusual number of large, interesting-looking packages, especially in the children's points of the star.

Dorothy made a dive for her largest one, which, of course, must contain her long-awaited fur coat. Eager fingers untied the cords, quickly loosened the tissue paper, whisked off the cover of the big box, and drew out—a huge bath rug!

"Why, why, what in the world!" she gasped, unbelieving; but apparently no one heard her. In the meantime Donald was making some surprising discoveries of his own. His big packages contained a fishing rod and all its appurtenances (he never fished!), a smoking stand (he never smoked!), and a leather jacket big enough for his father.

"Say, there's some mistake here!" he almost yelled. "This isn't mine!"

"And this junk ain't mine either!" Bobby's grammar was overcome by the sight of a new magazine stand and an electric toaster.

"This is a democracy! You can't do this to me!" Donald's pet expression was frantic this time.

All the packages were open. Evidently Mother and Dad were delighted with "O'Reilly of Notre Dame," their marbles, their untarnishable frame. But not so the children with their supply of household equipment, which varied from a linen table cloth to a scrubbing brush. A deep silence fell. Finally, Don spoke for the three.

"Say, what's the big idea?"

"Well, you see, son," his father answered calmly, as if everything in the world was just as it should be, "your mother and I have been wanting these things for a long time, but we just haven't been able to get them. We knew that you would like to have them for Christmas!"

"And we really saved on them, too!" put in Mrs. Martin gamely. "Why, we usually spend over a hundred dollars on you three, and we got all this for only sixty! Isn't that fine?"

Dorothy looked as if she were about to burst into tears. "I can't tell anybody that I got a bath rug for Christmas, I can't!"

"Can't you?" and her father's eyes glinted. "Why, I don't mind at all telling the men at the office that I got marbles. Come on! It's time to start to church!"

It was a silent, troubled trio that followed their parents up the aisle to the family pew at church: it was an increasingly thoughtful trio that followed the service as best they could. Somehow, during those quiet moments things came straight in their minds, and it was a serious, humbled trio that walked home.

Just before breakfast began, Don spoke. "You're right, Dad, you and Mother; we're just a bunch of cheap skates, and we don't deserve you. But, I'd rather have some sense knocked into my cranium than all the airplane

models in the world. So, thanks a lot." And he smiled gratefully at his deeply touched parents.

"I'm sorry, too," added Dorothy tremulously. "I didn't dream that we were selfish, and that's what is worrying me, not the coat!"

Bobby wasn't so sure, but he nodded his agreement, mentally figuring out that if he had already spent twenty-five cents for the marbles and ten cents for all-day suckers, he ought to have about fifty-two cents left. And he was going downtown tomorrow and buy a real Christmas present for Mother and Dad!

Then as they finished grace, Don showed that he was the sturdy son of sturdy parents: "Dad, I'll make a bargain with you! I'll lend you my smoking stand and jacket if you'll lend me your 'O'Reilly of Notre Dame'!" And the meal began in a round of happy laughter.

MESSAGE FOR CORNY

MARILYN SCHMITZ

I don't suppose any of you ever knew Cornelius Kratz. Not many people did, but I knew him—perhaps better than anyone else—and I shall never forget him.

When I first knew Corny I supposed him to be about thirty-five years old. One couldn't be sure because he always looked about the same, not old and not young. He wasn't handsome, or in any way impressive looking, just a plain little man always impeccably dressed, with his sandy hair combed and parted and that honest face with those wistful blue eyes.

In describing Cornelius one might say, without fear of being unkind, that he was not only plain in appearance, but dull in habits. He had but one interest in life, and that interest grew until it became an obsession. You see, Corny loved the radio. He enjoyed quiz programs, serials, plays, variety shows, concerts, swing bands, sports broadcasts; he even liked the commercials. Not only did he like the commercials but he lived by them. His best friend didn't have to tell him about P. O., or perhaps very subtly suggest that he see his dentist. No, sir, not Corny! He brushed his teeth when he got up, when he went to bed, and before and after every meal with Golcate. He washed his clothes in Dux, wrote with a Neversharp, stopped at the proper times for a Dr. Bepper, was never guilty of five-o'clock shadow, and kept his school-girl complexion with Malpolive.

Corny was also fond of contests. He had sent in more questions, answered more questions, named more products, and written more essays and limericks than any one who ever was, and probably ever will be.

The radio was his very life; yet it became the cause of his downfall.

Cornelius was a bachelor, yes, but not completely by choice. Once he was deeply in love with a lady whose name I shall not mention, but every time a tender moment arose, or they were deep in discussing their plans for the future, Corny would suddenly realize it was time for "Matilda Mertz, Girl Steam Fitter". Finally it was all his lady friend could stand. He had to choose between them—the woman he loved, and the radio. Slowly he stood up trembling, a look of horror and disbelief in his eyes. Standing there holding

the arm of a chair for support, the full realization came that he was powerless against it. He wasn't strong enough to fight it for, indeed it was more a part of his life than any woman could ever be. As he looked at her for the last time, there was a strange mixture of love and despair on his face. Then he slowly, steadily walked from the room—the house—and her life forever.

Nevertheless, life went on for Cornelius. He had his job during the day at the bank, and at night there were those wonderful radio programs.

One day a horrible calamity befell poor Corny. About seven o'clock at night he ran into my house and breathlessly told me that his radio wouldn't work. He had tried and tried to turn it on, twisting all the knobs and pushing all the buttons, but nothing happened. Then the strain proved too much for him and he broke down and sobbed. What could I do, seeing this pitiful little man sobbing his heart out? Of course, he could take my radio until his was repaired.

Time moved on, as time will, but in a few short weeks the end came. I suppose no one will ever know just what did happen. Corny was listening to the radio as usual when—perhaps it was something he heard or maybe something in his mind snapped—for suddenly, in a terrible frenzy, he picked up my little radio, dashed it to the floor, and ran from his house like a wild man. I never saw Cornelius Kratz again.

I have looked for him, but my search has been fruitless. This is the whole purpose for which I have put these facts on paper to make them public. If any of you readers see this poor dejected little man walking about aimlessly somewhere in the world, give him a friendly smile and a pat on the back, and above all, PLEASE tell him to SEND ME TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR MY RADIO.

DELIVERY!

KENNETH POLLOCK

The telephone breaks the silence of the night with a sudden ringing. The pharmacist's quick steps echo across the drug store. He lifts the receiver to his ear, and speaks with a clear, steady tone.

"Yes, doctor, three teaspoonfuls." He finishes taking the order, then mixes the ingredients as the physician ordered, with calm but quick movements.

Handing the finished product to the delivery boy, he says:

"Take this to Doctor Bond as fast as you can."

The boy leaps on his bike; his feet begin to push the pedals—faster and faster. His legs move up and down in a tireless rhythm.

At the end of a five-minute run, he is at his destination. He parks his bike; runs up the steps easily. He punches the doorbell. Almost immediately the door opens and the doctor's face looks out. The boy speaks:

"Yes, doctor, one chocolate malted milk. That will be two-bits."

THE RED INDIAN BLANKET

EDNA SMITH

JOAN stopped at the window of the 9-0-5 store on Florissant and Adelaide; laid down her corsage box, Indian blanket and purse; pulled off her kerchief and began slowly to run a comb through her hair. When the hair finally suited her, she stuffed the kerchief into her purse, picked up her corsage box and Indian blanket and started up the street.

"That must be the house, the third one on the left," she decided. "Why, they even left the porch light on for me."

Joan smiled, remembering the times a light had been turned on on her front porch to aid a boy coming to call. The whole situation would really be quite amusing if it weren't so doggone embarrassing.

To think that she had actually been in favor of her sorority's giving a leap year dance. All the trouble it had caused her! First of all, asking the boy—of course, Jim had really been awfully nice, had even seemed glad that she had asked him. Well, then the bright kids in the sorority had decided that all the girls should call for their dates and take corsages for them. The last straw, however, was the blanket. Every girl was absolutely required to bring a blanket. The sorority had hired a wagon to take them from Kingshighway and Natural Bridge to "Skeet's" house, which was pretty far out of the city. The blanket was necessary for them to have to sit on in the springless spring-wagon. Perhaps, if Mother had given her a different blanket—but this Indian one was bright red with black and yellow diamonds and triangles all over it—the most conspicuous one she could pick out. What would Jim's parents think?

Deciding that now was as good a time as any to find out, Joan pushed on the bell.

"Hello, Joan: come on in," said Jim, opening the door and standing aside for her to enter.

"Hi, Jim," she replied, "I hope I'm not late." She smiled up at him, wondering if he was a little embarrassed, too.

"No, you're right on time. Come on into the living room and meet the family while I get my coat on. It'll just take me a minute."

"Egad, the family!" thought Joan clutching the red Indian blanket. "This is what I've been dreading. I wonder if a boy feels anything like this."

His Dad and brother rose as they entered the room. That they were staring at her Joan knew. She also knew that she was blushing, but there was no way to stop that. She was devoutly thankful that her shoes had a nice shine on them. She tried hard to smile at both of them, but unfortunately her face felt a little stiff.

"Dad and Les, this is Joan Sinclair."

"Glad to meet you, Joan. Come in and sit down while James puts on his wraps. Sorry you can't meet Mrs. Kennedy. This is her night at the U. S. O." All the while Mr. Kennedy was pumping her free hand and leading her over to the divan.

Les, the older brother, just continued to stare.

"If only he would say something, not just stand there and smirk!" thought Joan.

'Did you go to Beaumont?" she asked, directing her question at Les.

"Graduated three years ago," he said stifling a yawn.

A drip decided Joan, nothing but a dignified drool. Still she wished that he would stop looking at her like that.

Jim entered the room ready to set out.

"I'm ready now," he said, smiling down at her.

"Oh, wait. I have something for you."

Joan carefully took the corsage out of the box. She had to take it out carefully since she didn't want it to fall apart. It was a masterful production made of yellow, red, blue, white and orange gum drops on wire surrounded by green crepe paper leaves. She gingerly pinned it onto his coat.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" queried Joan.

"Do I have to wear it on the street car?" asked Jim.

"Of course, you do. I'd be hurt if you didn't," said Joan laughingly.

"Well, I guess I'm ready now."

"O. K. Let's go."

Joan picked up her purse and they started out the door.

"Goodbye," they called from the steps.

"Wait, wait a minute," cried brother Les. He came puffing out of the house after them.

"Here," he said to Joan, "I believe you forgot this."

He held out toward her very gingerly in his finger tips—the red Indian blanket!

STOREKEEPER MRS. KREIT, NEVER DULL, ALWAYS BRIGHT

ROBERT W. BREITENSTEIN

Since the early 1930's, Mrs. Kreit had been living in the little room behind her confectionery, and though I haven't seen her for some time now, I imagine she still is. The room itself was disconnected from the front store by a brightly colored curtain hanging over the open door between the two rooms. Although I got only a glimpse of the room once or twice, I could see in a second that it was much too small for her bulky body.

Like many other large people, Mrs. Kreit was always smiling or laughing. Even on the most dismal days she could find a reason to burst out in a deep hearty laugh that would echo between the walls of her little store. Her hair was gray, but for some reason it always had a sparkle of life to it. Her few wrinkles seemed only to add beauty to her already pretty face. She never used make-up, but her lips and cheeks were always a rosy red. I sometimes think that many of the women in the neighborhood were just a little jealous of that fact.

A day would never pass that my friends and I would not take our few pennies and go to Mrs. Kreit's store to buy some candy; and a day never passed that we didn't get a few extra pieces for good measure. She was always doing things like that, and I am sure I don't have to say that we "kids" really appreciated it. She always had a good word for everyone. I imagine it was partly because of this that everyone liked her. I imagine it was also because of the fun we always had in her store. No matter how gloomy a day might be, you could never leave her store without a smile upon your lips that she had inspired.

About six years ago we moved away from that neighborhood, but we can never think of Mrs. Kreit now without smiling just a little, for in her own way she was a symbol of happiness.

I believe her whole personality could be summed up in this little poem.

I believe she was happier with just what she owned
Than a queen could be upon a golden throne.
I believe she was happier with just her little store
Than a hundred people with a thousand times more.
I still think of her to this day
In that same peculiar way.
Just Storekeeper Mrs. Kreit,
Never dull, always bright.

SMOKE SCREEN

As Told to GERALD FRIEDMAN

Last August while stationed at Aberdeen for instruction in enemy and allied weapons, I "lost ten years off my life!" Aberdeen, Maryland, is the target-range and proving-ground for every weapon of war that finds its way into the hands of an Allied soldier. The bazooka, the rifle grenade, the rugged half tracks, the famous Garand, are all graduates of the school there.

This "little" incident occurred while we were working with a British light tank. I am not an amiable passenger on street cars; in a tank I became the sickest G. I. this side of the front. After a few minutes of the pitching, jolting motion of the metal fort my body rebelled in violent fashion. I vomited and immediately felt better.

The three of us were rolling along, letting the tank pick its own path while we batted the breeze and smoked. Sgt. Bill Kiefer was driving. Bill had never been in a tank of this type before, and his full attention to the controls was needed. You might think he concentrated on guiding our clumsy vehicle over the broken terrain. He did not. Sucking noisily on his yellowed pipe and turning around every few seconds to toss a careful statement into the pool of conversation, he drove on. We wound up in one of the innumerable tank traps scattered around that section of the country. The little ravine was about twenty feet deep and had sheer sides. I suppose we could have climbed out, but what was the use? The gully ran in the direction we wanted to go. We walked slowly along it for about two miles, stopping now and then to rest and smoke a cigarette or pipe as the case was. I had better state now that while Dick Main, the other member of our troop, and I were tenderfeet at this sort of thing, Kiefer was an experienced and able, though somewhat phlegmatic sergeant. All around us in the air could be heard loud booming noises, sharp whines, high-pitched screams, dull thuds, ear-shattering crescendoes of sound caused by planted traps, and—most prevalent of all—the hoarse cursing of sweating men. This may sound unusual to you but the same thing goes on year in and year out, day and night, for the duration.

Ahead of us, we saw a break in the gully. Kiefer was about to scramble up the wall when a blinding flash enveloped the three of us. The sound came an instant later. It was deafening. Dick learned later that his right ear drum had been injured by the blast. I stood there shaking with fear, trying not to think of the fate that awaited me if another shell came ten yards closer. There were five more explosions, all in our vicinity but none as close as the first. It grew quiet. That is to say, it became as quiet as Aberdeen ever is. Kiefer volunteered the information that perhaps we had been mistaken for Nazi spies and were being chased with sixteen-inch guns mounted on half-tracks. This feeble attempt at a joke left me far from laughing. Dick pulled himself up to the lip of the crevice and took a quick look. What he saw caused him to loose his hold and fall on top of me. For an instant I was sure that a 75mm mortar shell had landed on my head and in some unaccountable manner had become stuck there. I picked myself up and, massaging my sore neck, joined Kiefer, who was viewing the scenery with perfect calm. Ranged ahead of us on level plain were about forty or fifty 155mm field guns and two or three German 88mm guns. Squads of gunners and "amno" men were hastening forward with the too obvious intention of firing the mammoth rifles straight

at our refuge. We broke cover and started to run. About 300 yards and two seconds further on, the guns opened fire. The first shells passed far above us, but not wishing to tempt fate any more than necessary, we dropped flat and began to move on our stomachs. An 88mm shell fell short and hit forty yards to the right. As Kiefer screamed in mortal anguish, I turned around expecting to see the ground stained red for yards with his blood. The stricken man managed to gasp between moans, "I'm not hurt but I lost that darned pipe." That broke the tension. The fear that had been building up in Dick Main and me ceased to exist. We even laughed. Under Kiefer's directions we squirmed our way back and forth and were at last close enough to the guns to walk erect. That insane remark of Kiefer's saved our lives, for I was about to rise and run headlong in the opposite direction when his scream drove away my thoughts. Dick Main said later that his impulse had also been to run.

We strolled leisurely back to camp and received one of the worst tongue-lashings in history, from the captain. As Captain Greene ranted and raved of our ignorance and stupidity, Kiefer drew out his pipe, filled it, lit it, and puffed away.

I still think and always shall that Sergeant Kiefer played a trick on us when he said his pipe was lost. Bill's quick brain had seen the only way to forestall the rash actions of panic.

It was the best-laid smoke screen I ever heard of.

TOUGH—BUT THAT'S LIFE

GLORIA RUHLAND

It happened one evening when the family had just finished eating supper. We were still sitting around the table when the argument began about who was to have the car on Saturday night. Of course, since Jack was the oldest, he considered it his privilege to have the car to go to the football game; and Jim said that he needed the car to take his dream girl to a dance and that it wouldn't be right to "take a girl like *that* on a *common bus.*"

Well, the dispute was becoming very noisy with questions flying at Dad and unheard answers coming from Mother and no one letting me get a word in as to why I thought *I* should have the car. I tried to attract Mom's attention, but she was too busy listening to Dad. Then I tried to say a word to Dad, but he said to be quiet and I couldn't even explain that I hadn't said a word yet. Jack was sternly holding up his point of the discussion while Jim tried to coax Mom into persuading Dad to give him the car.

Finally Dad shouted, "Keep still!" He said to speak in a civilized tone, and so then the argument was made an open debate for about five minutes. Dad was just about to give the car to Jack when Mom said that that wouldn't be fair and why couldn't both boys use the car equally, not even considering *my* ideas.

This positively wouldn't work; soon everyone was roaring again. Dad then said, "Since you can't settle this peaceably I'll take the car and take your mother out."

COOKIES

JANET SCHUMACHER

It was a beautiful warm October day—so beautiful that Jeannine and I could hardly force ourselves into our American history class the seventh hour. The day just seemed perfect for a leisurely stroll somewhere. However, we managed to pull enough will-power out of the blue to remain those final forty-five minutes.

After school we caught the bus and rode up to the dime store, as Jeannine had to get a scrapbook for English. It took us some little time to find the one that suited her. Then, as we were pretty thirsty, we went to the drug-store for a coke. That wasn't enough though; a look at the show-case revealed no tempting candies. We picked out some appetizing cookies marked twenty-one cents a pound. Twenty cents worth—that didn't seem like a lot, so we were slightly flabbergasted when the sales lady handed us a huge bag of cookies. I am sure there were at least five dozen in the bag. As we left the store, I looked at Jeannine, and she looked at me. We both laughed. Jeannine said, "I didn't think there'd be near this many! What are we going to do with them all?"

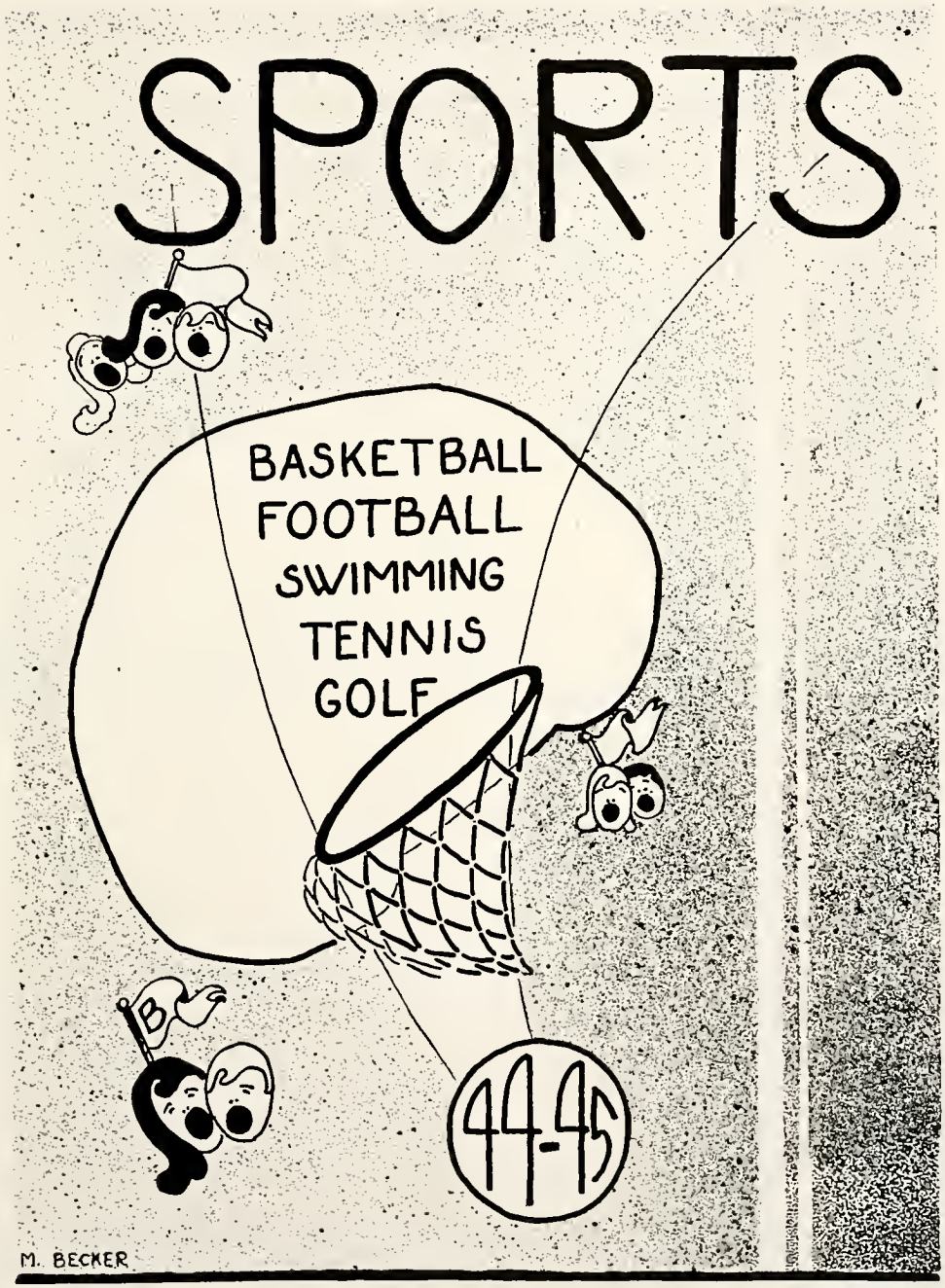
"I don't know. I didn't think there'd be more than a dozen, or maybe a dozen and a half," I replied.

We decided to walk up Newstead to Carter Avenue. By that time, we felt sure, the cookies would be eaten. Well, we walked, and ate, and talked with our mouths full. We laughed so hard that we had hardly enough strength to chew the endless procession of cookies, we dutifully masticated and swallowed. After a few blocks the horror of the situation dawned upon me as I realized how many future sundaes and snacks I would have to give up to make up for all the calories I was so hastily downing. Still, what could we do with the cookies?

We finally reached Carter Avenue. We were stuffed to the gills with no longer appetizing cookies, but we still had a long way to go. By that time I truly wished that both Jeannine and I were quadruplets. We resignedly turned down Carter. Almost hopelessly we reached for cookie after cookie. My wits were dulled by despair at this point, and it was Jeannine who spied our deliverance. There it stood!—a scrawny but sufficient hedge edging the side-walk. It was but the work of a moment to drop the partially empty bag behind the bushes. We smiled our relief, waved our goodbyes, and ran to catch our respective buses.

When I came home, Mother was out at club. As usual, after I put my books down, I looked for a note in the kitchen. There it was on the table. It read: "There are some cookies on the shelf. You may have a few."

The right of all to play together in fair competition and to build healthy bodies . . .


SPORTS
BASKETBALL
FOOTBALL
SWIMMING
TENNIS
GOLF
44-45
M. BECKER

FOOTBALL TEAM

JAMES JEANS

The Beaumont football team is again city-district champion of St. Louis. Despite a slow start and rough going in some places, the team gradually hit its stride and began to clean up on the opposition. The slow start was somewhat to be expected—the team was inexperienced, "green" to organized football. Coach Franklin was without doubt very disappointed when Maplewood (always a Beaumont jinx, the team that marred a perfect Bluejacket season by defeating us 7-6 in '43) handed us a 12-6 setback, and even more so when St. Louis University High whipped us 25-6 the next week.

Beaumont was nevertheless favored to win the city title again, and everyone was determined we should. Coach Franklin shifted his team around, putting Gorke and Marusic, who had been playing as backs, at right end and tackle, respectively. After a bad first half in the Soldan game the team showed no break in its offense for the rest of the season. In that first league game the Bluejackets had an uphill fight. After trailing 13-6 at the half, the boys came back to hit the Tigers hard, and the final score of 33-19 was in our favor. Cleveland was defeated 27-6 the next week.

Central was our next opponent and first real test. The Redwings had won two previous league starts and were rated very highly, especially since we were already twice beaten. The Red and Black fought, and fought hard, but it was snowed under by a powerful attack. Our team, in full stride, worked with a clocklike precision and turned in what was considered by many their best game. Working from a fast-breaking T with many variations, with Douglas doing the master-minding and Klein, Mengersen and Story the backfield assistance, our team scored three touchdowns and converted three times, while the line smothered all Central threats and held them scoreless.

After knocking off a tough Roosevelt aggregation 14-7, our boys faced

McKinley, the leader in the public high race. This game was virtually to decide the race, as even a tie would mean Bluejacket supremacy, while a Goldbug win would relegate us to second. The high point of this game came when Bob Gorke, later voted all-district end in every poll, blocked a McKinley punt and ran it over for a touchdown, then converted with a run from kick formation. That conversion and his other one spelled the difference between victory and defeat, McKinley bowing on a 14-13 score.

The pressure was off. The league race had been decided. Win or lose, the team was in the form it would use the next two games. Of course, the Southwest game remained, but its result had no bearing on anything except who would be favorite in the post-season game played between Public High champs and the other most outstanding team in the district. Coach Franklin used the Steers to polish up our boys, who still were far from veterans, and our 33-6 victory convinced him we were ready for that last game. After much deliberation, St. Louis University High was chosen as our opponent. This suited everyone very well. Our team and coach felt that the 25-6 beating, administered earlier in the season by that team, had not shown the true strength of the Bluejackets.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 23, at 2 P. M., the game began. Beaumont was fighting hard—fighting for their coach, who, after fifteen years of service, was leading our team for the last time, fighting for Beaumont, fighting for the Public High League. The Junior Bills were up against good competition, and they knew it. Everyone felt the tenseness of the moment. So much was at stake. Beaumont hopes were dampened early. Bob Mengersen, speedy back, after making one long 60-yard run to the Blue-and-White 10-yard stripe that was called back because of a penalty, was injured and watched the rest of the game from the sidelines. A Beaumont punt bounced off Sommers of the Junior Bills and was recovered by Beaumont. A short while later Klein plunged over and Gorke converted with a run. The Bills began a drive that was halted deep in Bluejacket territory, but our boys took it back to the opponents' ground. A 35-yard run around left end by Klein gave Beaumont a good lead, 13-0; but the Junior Billikens struck back quickly, a long pass taking the ball to our 19, and another, to Wild, taking the ball over. Conversion was good. A long pass, Simpson to Wuestling, who lateraled to Klein, brought another touchdown, Klein's third, before the half. The point was good; the score at the half, 20-7.

Douglas picked up the second-half kickoff on his ten-yard line, and to the surprise of everyone, including the speedy Junior Bills, he raced 90 yards to a touchdown. Gorke converted. The high point of the game was over. St. Louis U. High struck back fiercely, but could not overcome the commanding lead our boys had gained, although they did score twice. The final score, 27-19, left us district champs. Thus Coach Franklin finished his fifteen-year career as Beaumont football coach by leading his team to its third straight city championship and second straight in the district.

As an aftermath of the season, three Jackets were chosen as members of the all-district team: Gorke, end; Marusic, tackle; and Klein, back. Although our team was far from brilliant, it was good, and certainly a big improvement over the group representing the Blue and Gold at the outset of the season.

Next year? Prospects are good. The team will miss Mengersen, Story, Gorke, Marusic, and the others who will not return, but most of the boys will still be here; and four straight championships is not an impossibility. It is generally agreed that the greatest loss is that of the coach. Mr. Franklin will be missed. The team wishes to express its appreciation to him and his assistants for the time they have devoted and the effort they have expended to place Beaumont where it is in the football picture—first.

TENNIS TEAM

MILTON REINERT

The Beaumont tennis team, under the very able supervision of Coach Backus, made a very good showing during the 1944 Interscholastic Tennis Tournament. In spite of the fact that there were no returning lettermen, Coach Backus was able to organize a team which captured second place and presented a very strong threat to the Soldan title-holders.

The team won or tied every match until the very last one of the season. Coming up against a strong revised Soldan five in that match, they lost by a score of 3-1 and thus lost their chances for the championship. By the end of the season the team had established an impressive record of 20 matches won against 8 lost.

The records of the players were as follows:

Don Schuessler, first singles—won 6, lost 1.
Don Dippold, second singles—won 5, lost 2.
Milton Reinert, third singles—won 6, lost 1.
Gerald Rosenkoetter and Roger Rothstein, doubles team—won 3, lost 4.

Since three of the members of this year's team are freshmen with three more years of tennis ahead of them, prospects are very good for several successive championships in the coming years.

GOLF TEAM

BOB MCDONALD

Considering the fact that we had only three returning lettermen, our team last year made a very fine showing. In our only dual match, one with Southwest, our par men were defeated by a close score.

In the city tournament, however, Beaumont made a strong bid for the championship, battling neck and neck with Cleveland throughout the contest. The results are still being withheld. There is a good possibility that the Bluejackets are city champs.

Since the season has ended, Jack Hauck and Clarence Pollihan, lettermen, have entered the armed forces. Their places will be partially filled by promising new material such as Paul Martineau, Joe Maddock, Bob Marks, Bob Herman, Larry O'Brien, Louis Neuman, and Frank Brown.

Returning Lettermen:

Mel Nichols
Bob McDonald

Lettermen Not Returning:

Allan Schmidt (Captain)
Ed Lansche
Clarence Pollihan

BASKETBALL

GERALD ROSENKOETTER

This year Beaumont again has a fine basketball team, as the games played so far this season have proved. With only four returning lettermen and three other varsity members, Coach Stanton has built up a fast, sure shooting aggregation.

Roy Sievers, a regular guard of last year's team, is now playing center and has developed into a terrific backboard rider and jump shot expert.

Ed Lansche and Bob Barco are also returning lettermen who play the pivot positions along with Mel Nichols, who was on the varsity last year. All three of these tall boys excel at pivot and jump shots.

Jack Prince, a push shot specialist, also a returning letterman, holds down the other forward position, being replaced briefly by a newcomer, Bob Ebert.

Bob Louis, acting captain, and Gerry Rosenkoetter are guards who were varsity members last year and they with Louis Lehmen will hold down the guard positions. The three guards can all hit long shots with startling regularity. The first two named are also hook shot artists and the latter is good at one-handed push shots.

Other team members are:

Jack Diffenalur
Walther Domash
Louis Solari
Tom McKenzie
Bob Loser
Charles Wadsack
Jim Jeans

The results of games already played:

Beaumont	35	Central	17	(non-league)
Beaumont	41	U. City	34	
Beaumont	35	McKinley	17	(league)

Basketball schedule 1944-45:

Dec. 19	Cape Girardeau	Here 8 P. M.
Dec. 21	St. Louis U. High	Here 3:30 P. M.
Dec. 26	Normandy Tourney	Normandy
Jan. 5	Southwest	*
Jan. 9	South Side Catholic	There 8:00 P. M.
Jan. 12	Central	*
Jan. 16	Normandy	There 8:00 P. M.
Jan. 26	Blewett	*
Jan. 30	McBride	Here 3:30
Feb. 2	Cleveland	*
Feb. 6	C. B. C.	Here 3:30
Feb. 9	Soldan	*
Feb. 13	Wellston	There 8:00 P. M.
Feb. 16	Roosevelt	*

*Denotes league games played at St. Louis U. gym.

NONE BUT THE BEST

TOM ANDERSON

During the last three years Beaumont High School has undergone many changes. Only the more or less permanent members of the faculty remember how the school used to be years and years ago, but every senior is impressed with the changes he has seen. Beaumont in January, 1945, is as unlike Beaumont in September, 1939, as the world situation today is, compared with what it was in '39. So far as sports are concerned, the changes have been many, ranging from the rise in price of basketball passes to the elimination of hot dogs at football games. One important difference is in Beaumont's status in athletics. In '39 it was: "The Bluejackets? Yes, they're pretty strong contenders, but they just can't seem to hit the top." But now—! "Wonder if anyone can topple the Bluejackets from the driver's seat this season?" is the usual comment.

This high standing is due to two things—the building up of an intense school spirit, and the good fortune of having none but the best when it comes to coaches. It is, of course, impossible to trace the rise of the school spirit, but the utmost credit is due to the good sportsmanship and good support for the teams by the student body. The coaches during the last few years have been a little hard to keep track of. In '41 they were, respectively—for football, basketball, track, and baseball—Franklin, Stanton, Duggins, and Kirk; as compared with the present Stanton, Gallais, and Elliott. Mr. Stanton is the only one of the "old guard" remaining. Each of these men has brought Beaumont at least one outstanding championship.

Five years should provide enough time to show the true ability of a leader. Our basketball mentor, Mr. Stanton, in that time has proved he is one of the best coaches in the state. His cage teams during the last five seasons have come in second in the city three times, and the other two, in 1941-'42-'43, the Bluejackets set a record by winning the state championship twice in a row, the first time it had ever been done. Think of it—never lower than second of eight teams, and twice head and shoulders above all opposition. That is a record anyone could be proud of. Among the stars of the two state championship teams are Demling, McGuire, Solari (each all-State in '42), Saey, Eberhardt, and Enk, truly an outstanding aggregation. During Stanton's time these boys and their fellow-cagers have won ninety-six games and lost sixteen. For each one lost, therefore, the Blue and Gold has revenged itself not once but six times. The material that turned out for practice could not have been universally good over such a long period of time, and so it stands to reason much of the credit for the team's success goes to its first-rate coach.

Just two years after Beaumont opened in 1926, Victor Kirk became a member of the faculty and began a long and successful career as baseball mentor, serving until his induction into the Army after the '43 season. The spring of '42 was the time in which his team came to the fore by winning the Public High championship. Roger Powell and Norman Arant headed a pitching staff that, backed by hitting power led by Steger, carried us on to victory. Later teams were to reap the benefits of his training in good baseball and good sportsmanship. Mr. Kirk is but one of the many good coaches lost to the Armed Forces.

Coach Elliott took over where Kirk left off and is currently batting 1.000, having led his only team to a city-district championship. The hitting of Bob Hofman and the southpaw pitching of Jim Goodwin were the outstanding

characteristics of the squad. After our boys had swept aside all Public High competition, they bested Webster in a game at Sportsman's Park to become the outstanding high-school team in this area. Of course, one good season does not make anyone a success; but, judging from his experience with the swimming team, this is no flash-in-the-pan effort on Elliott's part. It is hard for anyone to step into the shoes of someone else who has already set a high standard and do well, but Coach Elliott has come through with flying colors. Congratulations!

Beaumont has been on top pretty much of the last four years, but the success of the track team and Mr. Duggins came early in our rise to power. Roosevelt had been champs for over a decade, and, by all indications, would be for another. There was simply no one to stop her. Coach Duggins, undaunted built up a powerful squad, traveled to Columbia, and took over the state championship, Beaumont's first (the city's first since 1908), in what proved to be his last season, 1942. Roosevelt was still strong, however, and Duggins and his charges did not make the mistake of thinking her a pushover. The city track meet was viewed with interest by all. "Hank" Altpeter was the outstanding star, breaking the 440-yard dash record and winning the 100. Ray Gilmore took the 880, Berg was second in the 220, and the medley relay team also took second. Tabulations showed our team to be undisputed best. It was Coach Duggins who, by doggedly remaining six years as instructor in a sport dominated by Roosevelt to such an extent that no other team was thought to stand a chance, broke the power of the Rough Riders and put the Bluejackets on the road to victory.

After the '42 season, Coach Duggins entered the FBI. His successor left a year later, but in that one year he brought several trophies to Beaumont. Coach Ehlert did a fine job, leading his team to first spot in the city and second in the district and state. The big elements in this success were the Gilmore brothers; in the state meet Bob took the broad jump and Ray the 880-yard run. Ray stole the show in the district meet by setting a new record for the 880, namely 1:59.6, but was unable to save us from defeat at the hands of C. B. C.—52 points to 51½. However, the team did well by coming through as it did. Considering that he had lost a really stellar performer and the mainstay of the team, Henry Altpeter, Coach Ehlert achieved notable success.

Mr. Gallais is another of the "one try, one championship" men. After our boys had been successful for two straight years and were not looked on as strong contenders, Coach Gallais took over the team and molded it into a winning organization. The squad, after annexing the city and junior district championships, traveled to Columbia to participate in the state events. This contest turned out to be one of the most exciting in the history of Beaumont athletics. This was the situation: Jack Fechter had taken third in the 220-yard dash; Bob Mengersen, by a great effort, tied for first in the broad jump; and Elmer Klein was best high-jumper and second in the 440. These three, plus Bill Kelleher, comprised the relay team which had already taken the 880-yard event. Everything depended on the next race, the medley relay. It was a tense moment. Each boy told himself he would do his best for the honor of his school. Crack! They left the starting-blocks like bullets. Kelleher to Fechter to Mengersen to Klein went the baton—and Klein smashed through the tape first, giving Beaumont the nod over University City by a score of 26-25. Thus the Jackets earned their second state championship in three years. Coach Gallais deserves much credit for the fine work he did with the team, and we all hope he can do as well in coming seasons.

Caduceus

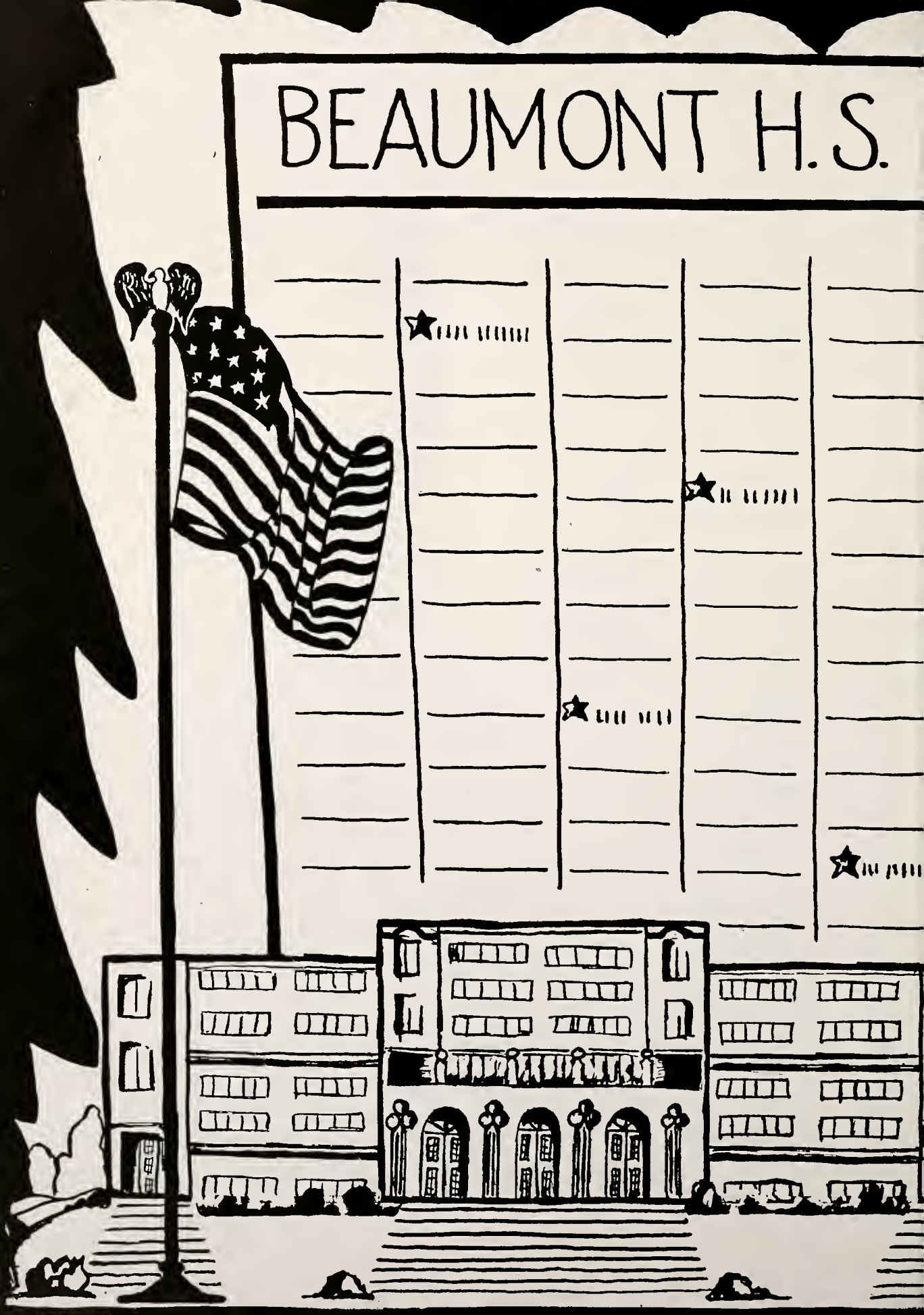
In the fall of '41 all the football fans that piled into Public Schools Stadium for the Bluejackets' last game of the season and saw our team battle the McKinley Goldbugs, previously undefeated and untied in league play, to a thrilling 0-0 tie (our record was a mediocre three won, two lost) knew our team was going somewhere. They were right. Since then, Beaumont has been city champion three times, district champion twice, and was awarded once the Notre Dame trophy as the outstanding team in this region. Behind all this was Burns M. Franklin, who was practically our only football coach. (He was mentor 16 seasons, 1929-1944.) Not the exponent of any particular type of play, in 1936 (his first championship season) he used "Bud" Schwenk, later All-American back, and the pass; while his greatest team, in 1943, was almost exclusively a running team. All he demanded was that the boys play their best. That best included everything—heart, soul, muscle, the will to win. He often said, "If you don't want to win, there's nothing I can do for you." And win they did, five city championships in sixteen years. That means that about one out of each three years Beaumont, playing in a six- or seven-team league, was the leader.

Sixteen years is a long time; so perhaps it would not be a bad idea to take a look back. From '29 to '34 all Bluejacket efforts proved futile. In 1934 the team held the unenviable position of fourth place in a six-team league. The next year things picked up and our boys looked as though they were going somewhere. They did not, however—not till the following fall ('36), when "Bud" Schwenk, Vic Thieling, and a great team blasted nine powerful opponents out of the way and, as an anticlimax, succumbed 14-6 to Moline, Illinois, in a post-season game. By '38 a drought of victories set in, our record that year being three won and five lost. In '39 an underrated team gave Beaumont its second Public High League championship. After that, and until they tied McKinley in their last league game of '41, the team seemed to be a so-so contender, but Coach Franklin really hit pay-dirt then. The succeeding '42, '43, and '44 were good years, championship years. Exler, Martinago, Steger, Sharkey, Gorke, Hauck, Danna—these are but a few of the stars of this period. Stars did not win for us, though. Teamwork has been the keynote and machine-like precision the goal. Never have the fortunes of the squad depended on one individual.

And what has Coach Franklin to say about all this? He considers Schwenk ('36), Tevis ('39), and Steger ('42, '43) the three best players ever to don the Blue and Gold, and the '43 team his strongest. For his last he reserved a special superlative—"most improved." Perhaps the highest tribute ever paid to his coaching ability was given concerning this squad. St. Louis University High defeated the Bluejackets early in the season 25-6, a pretty sizable margin. After downing everything in the Public High League, Beaumont met the Junior Bills again, this time for district championship. Before that game the opposing coach said he was not overconfident even though he had formerly beat us, for Coach Franklin had improved our team so much he (the Bills' coach) considered it just as he would any tough opponent he had not played before. (He was not exaggerating! Beaumont won 27-19.)

Like other good sportsmen, Coach Franklin hates a quitter. He stubbornly refused to quit while his team was getting off the floor from one defeat only to be knocked over by another. He continued his efforts at the maximum until Beaumont had come out on top three straight times and was the outstanding candidate for a fourth. All Beaumont will miss him, not only for his coaching, but for his never-say-die spirit and never-failing good sportsmanship.

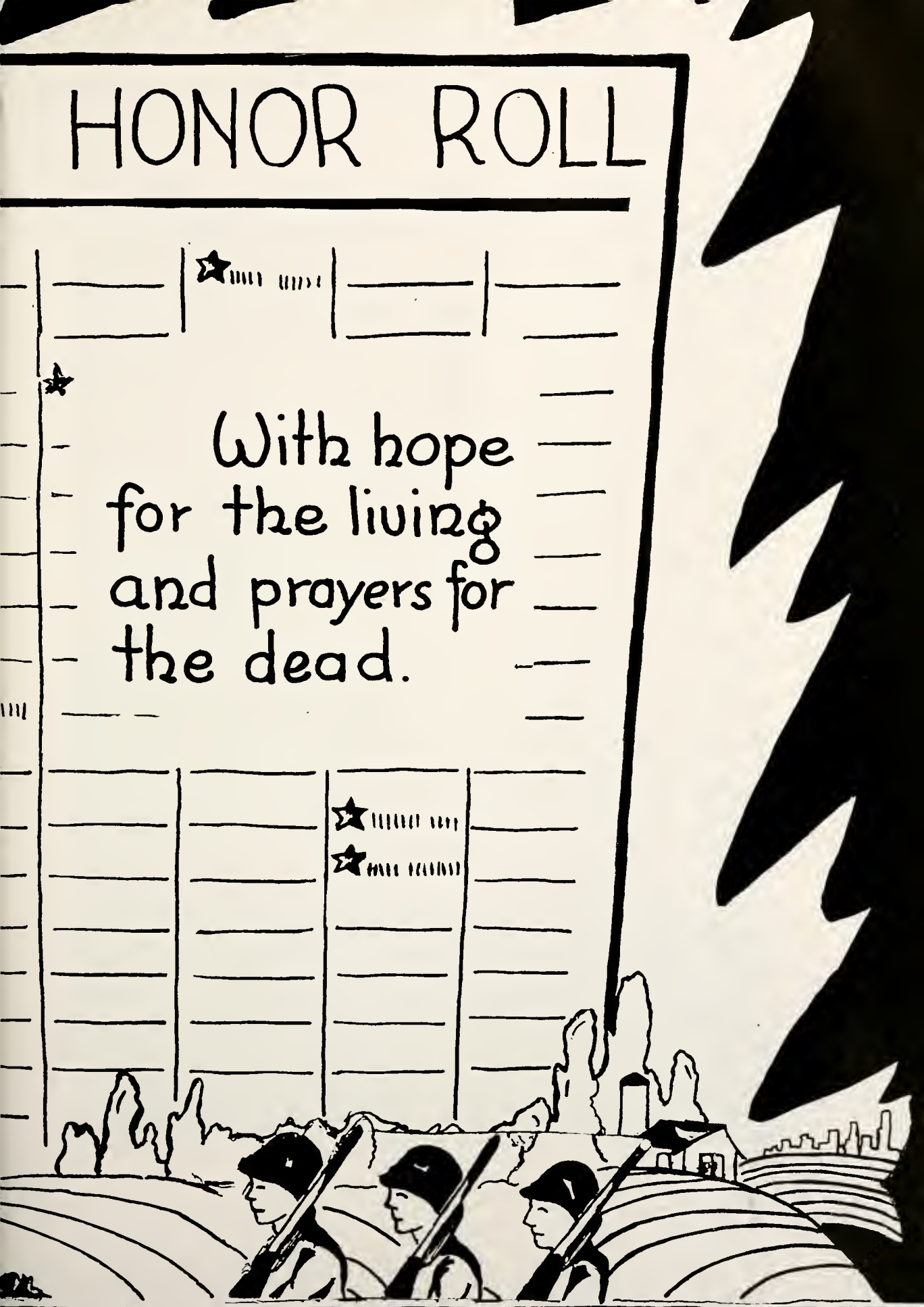
BEAUMONT H.S.



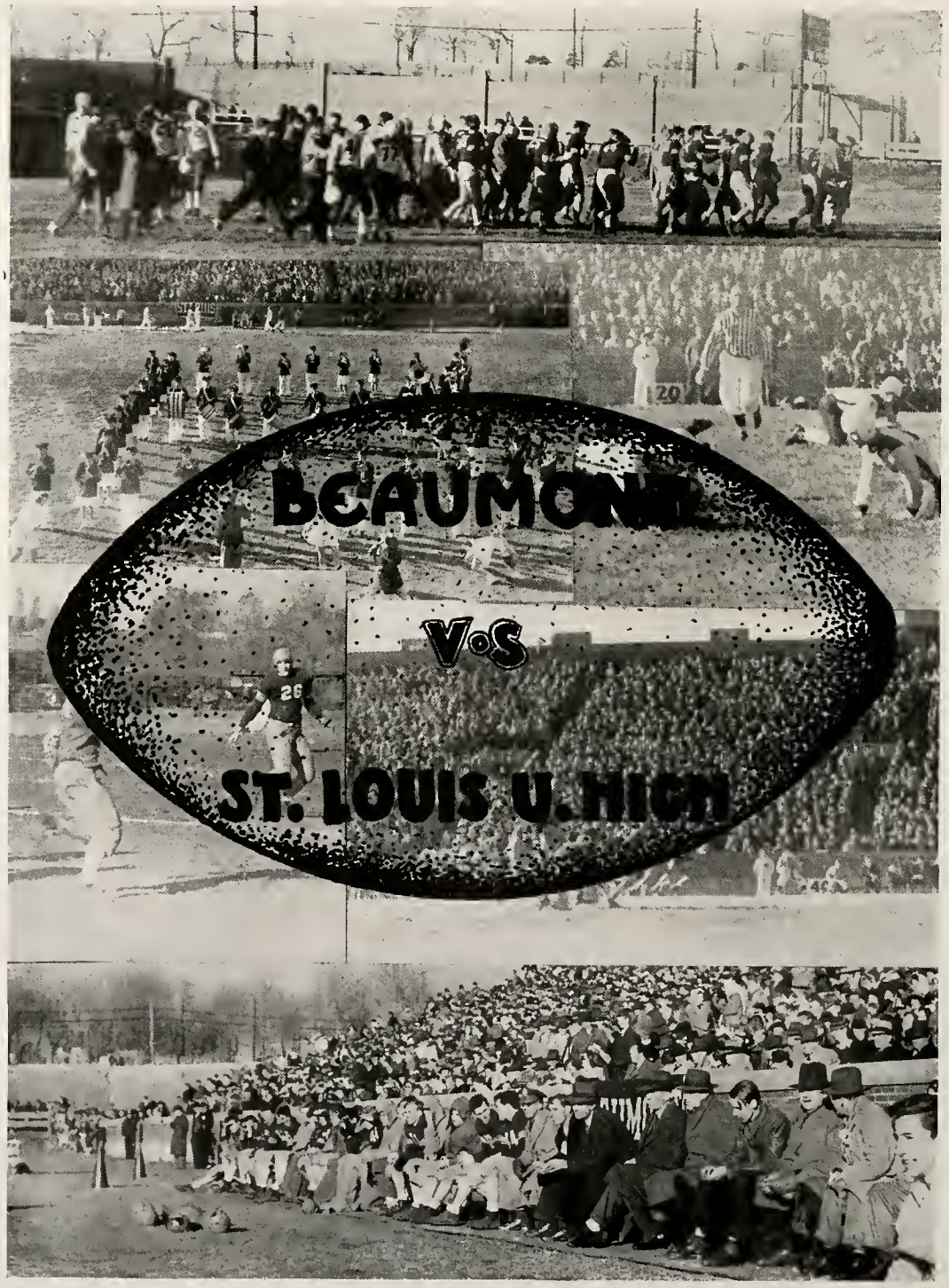
Mothers Club ••• Patrons Association

HONOR ROLL

With hope
for the living
and prayers for
the dead.



Betty Boone Art 5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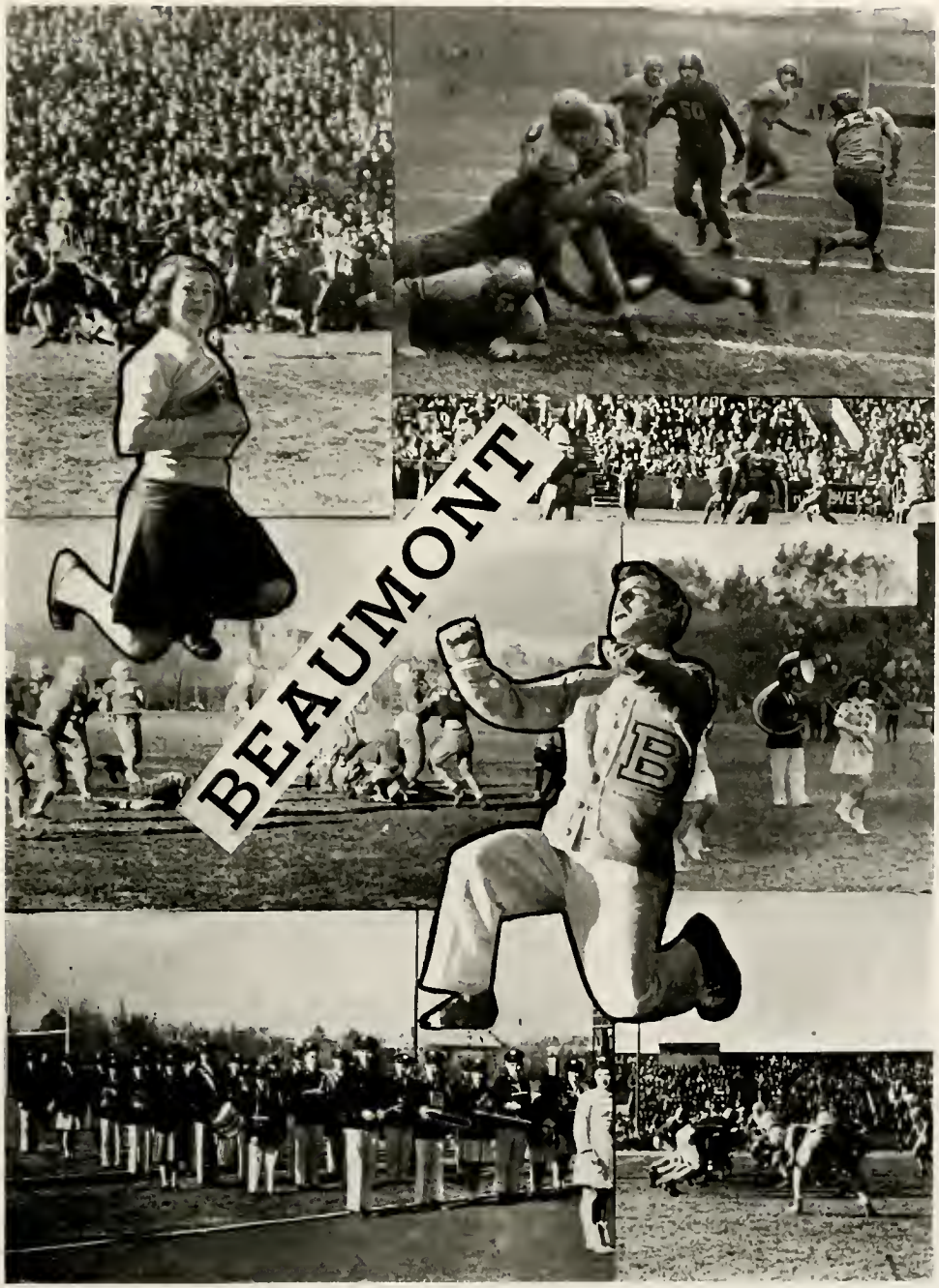
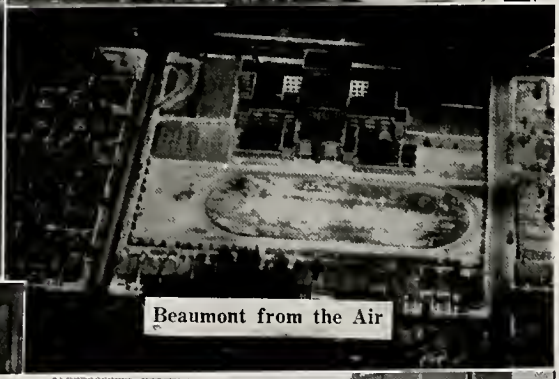
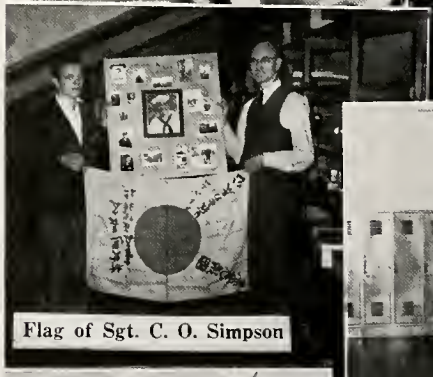

BEAUMONT

Burns Bestows "B"

Have a Pair?

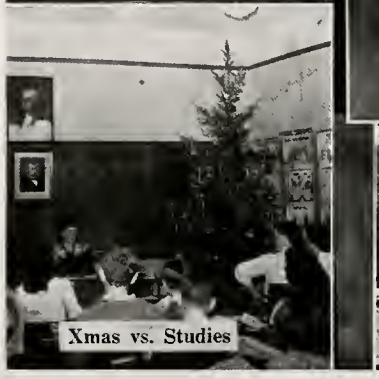


Beaumont from the Air



Flag of Sgt. C. O. Simpson

Monday Morning



Xmas vs. Studies

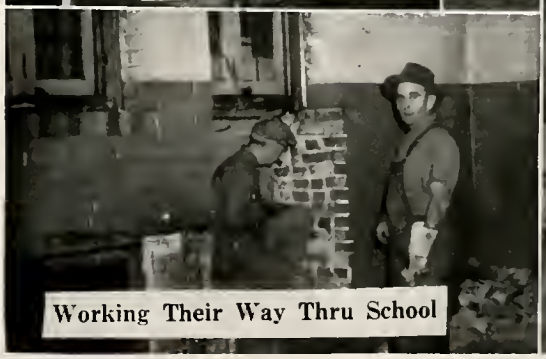
More Calories

Attention!

Gang's All Here

Score—299

Happy Valentine



Working Their Way Thru School

The right of people to assemble in groups and organizations to pursue common interests . . .

CLUBS
CAMERA
SKATING
LANGUAGE
BOLZA-BUGS
BOWLING
PEPPERE
GLEE
GYM
B
ART 6
PHYLLIS FRANKLIN

Caduceus

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The staff wishes to acknowledge its gratitude to Miss Krag for supervising the art work.

THE LAST WORD

EDNA SMITH

You have certainly met the ready smile and sparkling blue eyes which identify Edna Smith, Editor-in-Chief of the CADUCEUS. We are quite proud of Edna, our 'Ed," for she is only the second person ever to be Editor-in-Chief for two terms. Before that she served ably as Club Editor for two terms. She has been active in other school activities, too. She is a Student Council representative for her class, and vice-president of the Student Council. She has been both secretary and vice-president of the Shakespeare Club, captain of the Duck Club, and a member of the girls' swimming team. Among her likes she numbers peanut butter, raw carrots, and the color gray. Edna plans to attend Missouri University after graduating from Beaumont.

LOIS FUCHS

For the past three terms Lois has been the CADUCEUS snapshot page editor, and a splendid job she has done as evidenced by those attractive snapshot pages. During her terms spent at Beaumont, "Lo" has been a member of the Shakespeare Club, Duck Club, Service Club, and Bellus Mons. She loves chocolate-covered cherries, "malts," the color blue, Stan Kenton, and Andy Russell. Her favorite sports are swimming and tennis. After graduation "Lo" intends to study law at Washington University. Her ultimate desire is to marry and have a family, but she believes she can successfully mix it with a career. Good luck, Lo!

BRUCE WRIGHT

Bruce has been on the CADUCEUS staff for five terms. During this time he has served in various capacities: both as Literary and Humor Editor. For three terms he had charge of the division pages. Bruce has taken a lively part in other school activities, too. He has been chosen CADUCEUS correspondent of his class, and has been president of the Shakespeare Club, the History-Travel Club, and the Art Appreciation Club. High on his list of likes are "The New Yorker," modern art, symphonic music, eating, hiking, writing stories, and Shakespeare. His only dislikes are for people to fail to use his name when addressing him, and singing (he claims he can't). As he is now in the Army Air Corps Reserve, he will go into the Army Air Corps after he graduates.

THE "DIGEST"

GERALDINE HEYNE

Up in the left-hand corner of the second page of the Beaumont "Digest" is a boxed-in list of names—the "staff box," we call it. There you will find the names of all those connected with the "Digest." What that box does not tell, however, is the part that each one of those people plays in the publication of every issue. If you are interested in who wrote what, read on!

The first two names under the heading "Editorial Staff" belong to two new members of this term. Eloise Enzinger handled the Mothers' Club news, aud sessions, and music news. Bob Hunstein acted as a sort of dual personality for the paper. It was he who saw to it that we had all the art news and, working somewhat along the same line, he contributed several of his "brain-child" cartoons. Next in line is Jean Jaech, from whose pen came senior news plus an occasional personality write-up and Snooper column. The Wise and Otherwise committee, which contributed those delightful bits of news, functioned under her guidance.

Bob Kenski, another rookie, showed his ability with his coverage of Student Council news and his part-time work on "Things I Saw." Aurelia Kutz, Ed Lansche, and Mary Ellen Maddock were also new at the newspaper game this term. Aurelia handled the E "B" list and exchanges while Ed wrote those exciting football yarns. Although Mary Ellen had no standing assignment, she did some good work on news articles.

(Continued on page 122)

STUDENT COUNCIL

President	Bob Mengerson
Vice-President	Edna Smith
Secretary	Mary Jane Slane
Treasurer	Don Schwartz
Sergeant-at-Arms	Al Rathert
Executive Committee	Dolores La Gates Francis Helbig

SENIOR MIXED CHORUS

MARY JO WEISS

M usical organization for voices of students of all terms.
I nterests vary from classical and religious numbers to modern versions of popular pieces.
X ylophones, violins, trumpets, and clarinets are unnecessary because the choral parts make a complete harmony.
E xamples of our accomplishments are heard at aud sessions and in various public appearances.
D aily rehearsals are held during the first hour in the school auditorium.
C lad in mulberry robes, the chorus makes a fine, dignified appearance.
H armonized tones of bass, baritone, tenor, alto, second soprano and soprano are heard.
O fficers are elected each term by the members of the chorus.
R hythms of darky spirituals, breath-taking chants, and sweet lyric ballads are heard.
U nity is shown in the cooperation of members of the group.
S ocial activities include parties, wiener roasts, and picnics.

(Continued on page 122)

HISTORY-TRAVEL CLUB

GLORIA MEYERS

The History-Travel Club of Beaumont High School is an interesting and educational organization. The club meets in Room 205 every Thursday afternoon at 3:10 to discuss both the past and present history and travel of the world. In addition to having discussions we also decide what local points of interest to visit next.

Not all of the meetings are of a serious nature, however, since time is found to make plans for wiener roasts, hikes, and other outings.

There are about eighty-five members in the club this term and we hope there will be just as many or more next term.

President	John Molina
Vice-President	Jack Powers
Secretary	Jane Payne
Treasurer	Bill Thurman
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Gloria Meyers
Co-sponsors	Mr. Kanazeriff Mr. Mckay

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

RUTH SCHMID

This term the Senior Girls' Glee Club under the able direction of Mrs. Clark has learned many new and delightful numbers. Our repertoire consists of religious pieces such as "Ave Maria" and "Glory Hallelujah" and semi-classical numbers as "Why Do I Love You," "Song of India," "Donkey Serenade," and "The Night is Young."

This organization of Beaumont is composed of upper-term girls who enjoy singing. The club sings for "aud" sessions, graduations, churches, and other school and outside engagements.

New members are always welcome. We meet in Room 302 the second period daily.

President	Jane Donley
Vice-President	Audrey Fischer
Secretary	Marian Wickart
Librarians	Ann Bono, Ruth Eastman
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Ruth Schmid
Sponsor	Mrs. Clark

LA VOZ DE ESPANA

ALICE HASSEBROCK

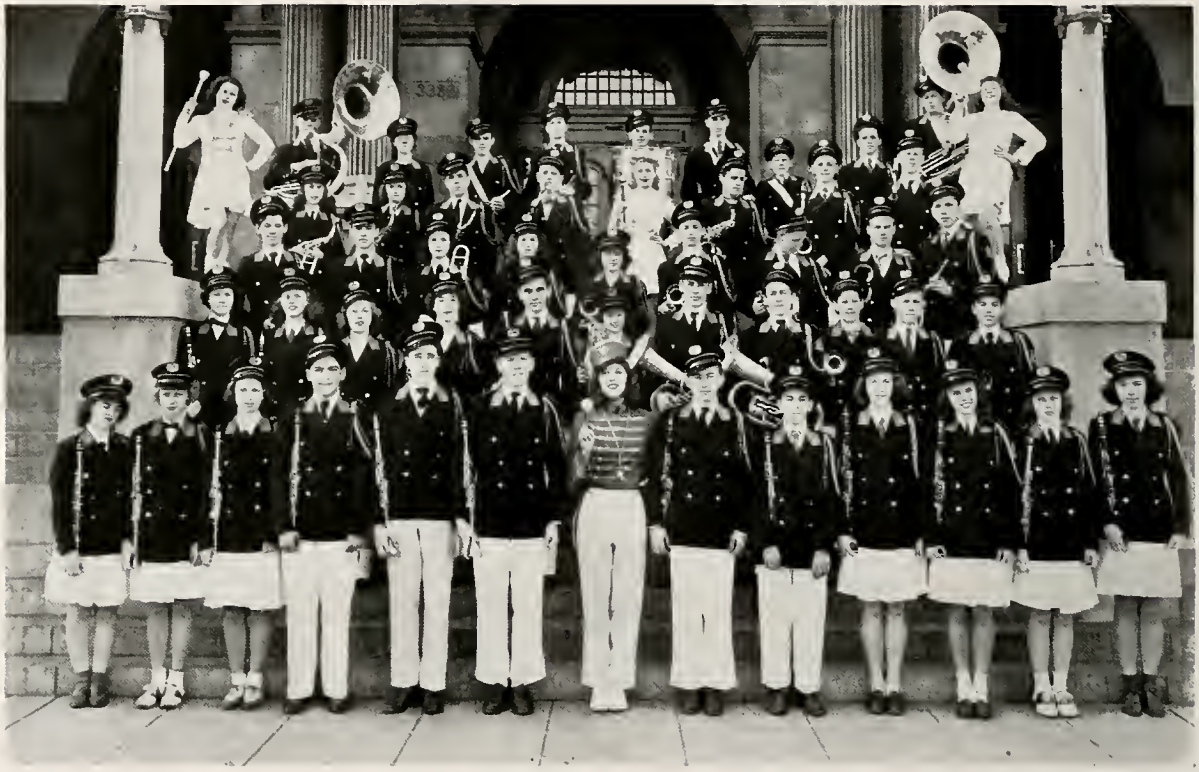
Every Tuesday at 3:10 you may be sure of spending a pleasant afternoon.

Our organization is conducted according to democratic principles which makes for success. The members are genuinely interested in Spanish—its language, customs, and other related subjects. Each week we enjoy some form of entertainment, presented either by the members themselves in the form of little Spanish plays, games, and various other activities, or by Mr. Stinson, our sponsor, who talks to us about many interesting and worthwhile subjects. We appreciate his efforts which help to make "La Voz de Espana" the fine club that it is. A wiener roast at Chain of Rocks is one of the social highlights on the docket for this term. We are looking forward to an evening "chuck" full of fun at our party to be held near the close of the semester, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steinmann.

Would you like to join us? The only qualification is that you are a student of Spanish or that you have taken Spanish at some time. So, come on, all you fellow students of Español. See you next term!

Hasta luego: adios amigos.

President	Ellis Gregory
Vice-President	Norma Wengert
Secretary	Jane Donley
Treasurer	Vivian Sarar
"Digest" Correspondent	Eleanor Steinmann
CADUCEUS Correspondent	Alice Hassebrock
Sponsor	Mr. Stinson



SENIOR BAND

TOM SCHIELER

The Senior Band needs no introduction to most of you. You no doubt have seen them playing and marching at the football games or giving support to auditorium sessions. The Band may also be seen in the aud during their regular "A" hour practicing period and also practicing march routines on the school field just before one of its performances.

This term, the Beaumont Band was organized on the second day of school so as to be ready to march in a War Bond Parade downtown on September 11, 1944. This quick response was due, greatly, to the fine management of Miss Else Brix.

If you are interested in seeing the Beaumont Band become one of the best high-school bands of St. Louis, back it up. If you play some musical instrument, join the band and become a cog in the wheel that is generating an unbeatable spirit in Beaumont.

President	Claude Fabian
Vice-President	James Forde
Secretary	Shirley Ritenberg
Treasurer	Milton Albert
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Tom Schieler
Sponsor	Miss Brix

SENIOR ORCHESTRA

ELOISE ENZINGER

If, at the beginning of the seventh hour, you are running down the first floor hall to beat the tardy bell, you might just miss a collision with a string bass or a set of kettle drums. On the stairs, if you are jabbed in the ribs by a violin case or a French horn, be patient. This is no conspiracy to disrupt traffic; it's only the members of the Senior Orchestra going to their posts.

When these various pieces of wood and metal have been tuned and their owners seated properly, Miss Brix mounts the podium and magically brings forth music by a rhythmical movement of her baton. Out of this forty minutes' practice each day comes the orchestra that serves the school in aud sessions, and at public performances. The music presented varies from the pomp of Wagner and the grace of Schubert to the tantalizing strains of Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine," Morton Gould's "Pavanne," or Ferde Grofe's "On the Trail."

If you play an instrument and would like to share the pleasure and work that makes an orchestra, you will find Miss Brix a willing aid to this end.

President	Walter Lundt
Vice-President	David Wallington
Secretary	Harry Ragland
Treasurer	Betty Wiehe
Librarian	Fay Prange
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Eloise Enzinger
Sponsor	Miss Brix

LUTHER BURBANK CHAPTER OF THE JUNIOR ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

BILL THURMAN

The Burbank Chapter, as its name implies, is a science club.

The club's activities are mainly along the scientific line, although we have many social affairs during the school term. This term we took trips through Shaw's Garden and the Gradwohl Laboratory, held a picnic at Forest Park at a later date, and had another party at a former member's home. Besides this, there are also many interesting events that take place in our own home room, 124. We have talks given by both students and teachers. A scientific quiz was staged and a prize was given to the winner, Willard Mienholtz. Several of the members have also been very busy making and working on projects, among which are water culture of plants and germination of pollen.

Another very interesting event, which occurred during the term, was the meeting of the entire Junior Academy of Science at Beaumont, November 17, with the Burbank Chapter in charge of the program.

President	Tom Anderson
Vice-President	Eloise Enzinger
Secretary-Treasurer	Jerry Sue Collum
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Bill Thurman
Cabinet Members	Elva Smith, Jack Sunder
Sponsor	Miss McCarty

PHYSIOGRAPHY CLUB

ROSE ANN CHMIELECKI

JACK SUNDER

We who belong to the Physiography Club are interested in supplementing class study with field trips. The ability to read topographic maps in order to interpret land forms, and the study of meteorology are not only important in the strategy of the present war but will be equally important in the new air age which will follow the war. Our trips in the country to quarries and streams makes our study of topographic maps more real. Our trips to the Weather Bureau have given us first hand information which has helped us in our study of weather maps and weather observations. Thus our class work and our field trips are closely connected.

President	Robert McNamara
Vice-President	Peggy Keim
Secretary	Norma Wengert
Treasurer	Jack Schnefke
Executive Committee	Jane Martin Walter Zachritz
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondents	Jack Sunder Rose Ann Chmielecki

SENIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB

DONALD LOCHMANN

The Senior Boys' Glee Club is formed not merely for the extra credits derived from it by students, but also as a school organization to supply entertainment at various social gatherings. The Senior Boys' Glee Club is happy to have Mrs. Clark to direct us since Mr. Stamm has left us. The organization has been greatly improved by the addition of many new members.

We now have the "Italian Street Song," "Song of Peace, " "Sea Chantey" and "Stout Hearted Men" in our repertoire.

President	William S. Chapman
Vice-President	Robert Bryan
Secretary	Al Oakley
Treasurer and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Donald Lochmann
Sponsor	Mrs. Clark

TECHNICIANS

BOB MCNAMARA

If you have ever seen a movie in Room 204, if you have ever seen one of Beaumont's operettas or some play presented to the school in the aud, or even attended an aud session, which I think everyone at Beaumont has done at one time or another, then you have seen the "Technicians" at work.

The jobs performed by the Technicians are very numerous. They run the movie projector in 204, set up the microphones, and handle the public address system for all aud sessions, they are in charge of the lighting effects in the plays and operettas presented to the school on the aud stage, they play records for the chorus classes, and flash the song slides on the wall for the pep sessions.

The Technicians is a service organization; therefore, the members are supposed to make fairly good grades. In order to belong to the Technicians you must be taking physics or have taken it and passed, and you should know a little about radio and electricity.

This term the Technicians have a new sponsor, Mr. Julian, a physics teacher, who was formerly in charge of a smiliar group of boys at Central High School.

(Continued on page 123)

DUCK CLUB

DORIS MAUSHUND

Every Tuesday at three o'clock you will see a group of forty-five girls going to the swimming pool. Do you know who they are? Well, it's the Duck Club under the direction of Miss Spillman.

It is for beginners and intermediates. We have recreational swimming and Red Cross tests.

An outing is planned for later in the term.

Captain	Audrey Straub
Manager	Mona Murphy
Treasurer	Bernice Roberts
Correspondents	Nelda Todd Doris Maushund
Sponsor	Miss Spillman

BEAUMONT AQUADETTES

ELEANOR STEINMANN

Life-saving, speed swimming, diving, formation swimming—each of these is practiced by the Beaumont Aquadettes amid an atmosphere of serious delight in our school swimming pool at 3:10 p. m. each Thursday. Each and every one of the girls strives to improve her skill in the water under the experienced and capable direction of our new sponsor—Miss Spillman.

If you are especially interested in any one of our varied swimming activities, why not join us next term?

Build up your vim—get in the swim!

It's really lots of fun.

Captain	Ruth Schmid
Manager	Mary Jean Powers
Treasurer	Jane Donley
Correspondent	Eleanor Steinmann
Sponsor	Miss Spillman

BOYS' SKATING CLUB

EARL JERROLD

One bright Tuesday afternoon at 3:00 a little "New. Jay" (also bright) came swinging through the halls of Beaumont bound for the local Sugar Bowl. This poor freshman stopped dead in his tracks, turned, and fled at the sight which met his eyes, for rushing down the hall were thirty fellows, skates across their shoulders, running like mad for the nearest exit. Our little friend, mystified and still shaking, then broke out in grins, for following the thundering herd were some of Beaumont's fairest belles also bound for the "rink." Our hero in all the best tradition of Beaumont males followed . . . the herd. These fellows were members of the Boys' Skating Club, who in the company of the Girls' Skating Clubs, roller-skate every Tuesday at the Crystal, and Wednesday at the Arena, and ice skate at the Winter Garden on Fridays. Under the supervision of competent instructors and club officers, beginners can perfect the control of their skates and are often awarded letters.

If you like to skate or would like to learn—join us, won't you?

President	Bob Crane
Vice-President	Roger Cornish
Secretary	Harold Williams
Treasurer	Ray Winters
Corrrespondent	Earl Jerrold
Sponsor	Miss Lomax

GIRLS' ROLLER SKATING CLUB

DOLORES CISSELL

If you like to have fun and lots of it, join our Skating Club on Tuesday afternoon from 3:00 to 5:00 at the Crystal Roller Rink.

A few of the many advantages of our club are that we learn how to skate, make friends, and participate in a clean and healthful sport. You do not have to be an experienced skater to join.

Come one! Come all! Join us on Tuesday at the Crystal Roller Rink.

CADUCEUS Correspondent	Dolores Cissell
Sponsor	Miss Ross

JUNIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

PAT ALBAUGH

Have you ever wondered what goes on in the "aud" during the fifth hour every day? Well, if you were to inquire, you would be informed that the Junior Girls' Glee Club meets then. Besides learning a lot about music, we have a great deal of fun. We have just received two new books, one of which is a collection of the more modern tunes.

If you are a lower-term girl and like to sing, won't you make arrangements with Miss Brix to join us next term? New members are always welcome.

President	Betty Price
Vice-President	Rose Marie Toia
Secretary	Rosa Lee Unger
Assistant Secretary	Judy Dutton
Treasurer	Jean Fields
Librarians	Mildred Reeds, Dorothy Zugmaier
Correspondent	Pat Albaugh
Sponsor	Miss Brix

JUNIOR GIRLS' CHORUS

DIXIE STRELE

The members of the Junior Girls' Chorus are very proud of their new organization as started by Mrs. Clark. The chorus consists of 42 members. a large following for a new club. The girls in the club are all first-, second-, or third-termers. We meet in Room 302 every morning at nine o'clock. Some of the girls have had experience in choral work, although most of us have had none. The aim of our organization is to help every girl to use her voice easily and naturally and make it blend with the other voices of the group. We hope to have many new members in the future.

President	Joyce Pfaender
Vice-President	Buelah Yarbrough
Secretary and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Dixie Strele
Treasurer	Charlotte Faerber
Sponsor	Mrs. Clark

FIRST TERMERS

PEPPERETTES, A-K

PEPPERETTES, L-Z

PEPPERETTES

HELEN GRAY

At any football or other Beaumont game our team is supported by cheering from the stands. Most of this cheering comes from the section occupied by the Beaumont Pepperettes.

The Pepperettes, which is an all-girl organization, has become one of the most popular clubs in Beaumont. The membership now totals more than four hundred. Membership is granted to any girl who owns a season football or basketball pass.

The girls also have very interesting meetings in the auditorium after school. These programs consist of singing, dancing, and other various entertainments as well as cheering and practicing the school song. The purpose of these meetings is to stimulate school spirit and to train a better cheering section.

President	Jane Payne
Vice-President	Jane Donley
Secretary-Treasurer	Mary Lou Schanbusch
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Helen Gray
Cheerleaders	Jane Payne Jane Donley Rose Schiller Joan Peters Jean Craig
Sponsor	Miss Baxmeyer

SHAKESPEARE CLUB

MARIE PRANGE

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

In these lines William Shakespeare suggests the larger aim of this club—to develop the music within the members themselves, who, without this music, says Shakespeare, cannot be trusted. Early in the term the club selected for study, "The Merchant of Venice," which, incidentally, is the source of the quotation above. The choice was from the works of Shakespeare that are not offered in the regular English courses. The acts are assigned to different groups for the study of the roles. Then, at each meeting, one act is presented until the whole play has been completed.

A characteristic tradition of the club is that each member responds to the roll call with a quotation from the play being presented.

Under Miss Donnelly, our first and only sponsor until this year, the club won a place of distinction among Beaumont organizations. Her withdrawal is greatly regretted, but we are happy that Mr. Enzinger has consented to work with us.

Fifth-, sixth-, and seventh-term students who have the "E" and "G" habit should ponder the advisability of joining us.

(Continued on page 123)

BEAUMONT PHILATELIC SOCIETY

ANDREW TAYLOR

Some people, at the very mention of stamp collecting, turn away and say, "Not interested." Why? It could be that at some time they did collect stamps but had lost interest. Perhaps you are in the uninterested class. You need something to stir up your interest. The Stamp Club is the thing that will bring back that old-time interest.

We have a magazine which includes all the new issues and has many interesting ideas and articles by famous philatelists. After our business meeting, which usually lasts between thirty and forty minutes, we trade stamps and sometimes someone brings approval sheets. The number of philatelists in the United States has been estimated at about one million. Obviously this estimate includes many of you here in Beaumont. Why not come and join the club? We meet every Thursday in 217 immediately following the seventh hour.

President	Ed Wulfekuehler
Vice-President	George Hupert
Secretary and Treasurer	Shirley Lanfersieck
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Andrew Taylor
Sergeant-at-Arms	Don Freeman
Sponsor	Mr. Hall

GAUZETEERS

LORRAINE HURLEY

The "Gauzeteers" is a club which meets each Saturday morning to make surgical dressings for the wounded fighters on our many battlefronts. This club has had its first birthday and is now giving its second year of service. The members, under the direction of the Junior Red Cross, have made and packed thousands upon thousands of dressings in the past year, and will continue this good work until peace comes to heal the wounded world.

This club has had many very pleasant social hours together, in addition to the hours of work.

President	Shirley Heyne
Vice-President	Dolores Ewing
Secretary	June Pepmiller
Treasurer	Jan Davidson
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Lorraine Hurley
Sponsor	Miss Riefling

CAMERA CLUB

BONNIE HERPEL

Is developing pictures hard? Of course not! If you don't know how and would like to learn, join the Camera Club. We learn how to develop pictures, to enlarge, retouch and tone them. We judge our photographs by discussing them at our meetings. Being a member of the Camera Club is really worth while.

The Camera Club has many interesting activities in which each member takes part. We take "shots" on special subjects, develop them, print them, and bring them to the meetings for discussion and criticism. We have picture-taking trips to such places as Shaw's Garden and Tower Grove Park. We have lectures on various phases of photography.

The only qualification for enjoying these activities with us is that you are interested in photography and are willing to take an active part. We meet on the odd Wednesdays of the term in Room 236 at 3:05. Won't you join us next term?

President	Robert Roehr
Vice-President	Dolores Dietz
Secretary	Edith Havener
Treasurer	David Church
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Bonnie Herpel
Sponsor	Miss Conrad

GIRLS' ICE-SKATING CLUB

BETTY R. WASEK

Every Friday you will see a group of vigorous Beaumont girls, ice-skates in hand, making their way to the Winter Garden.

Belonging to the Girls' Ice-Skating Club entitles one to a reduced rate every day after school.

If a member of this organization is skillful enough at the end of the season to skate six laps around the rink in two minutes, she will be awarded a pin. An annual picnic is also held, where every member enjoys herself immensely.

President	Gloria Schultz
Vice-President	Ruth Eastman
Secretary	Mary J. Powers
Treasurer	Pat Powers
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Betty R. Wasek
Sponsors	Miss Henske Miss Ross

BELLUS MONS

DORIS NAGEL

Attention all Latin students! If you have taken, or are now taking Latin, here's a club bursting with life and innumerable, colorful activities, welcoming you!

Although our primary interest is studying Latin, we definitely have a social side. This semester the highlights of our activities were: an interesting lecture and tour at Washington University; a Hallowe'en party including a mystery play; and a lively party at the end of the term at which every boy and girl had a wonderful time.

Various sounds of laughter, discussions, friendly arguments or entertainment can be distinctly heard just outside Room 400, on alternate Wednesdays, at 3 p. m., under the sponsorship of Miss Buckley and Miss Riedel.

President	Bob Kenski
Vice-President	Jack Lite
Secretary	Edith Phillips
Treasurer	Richard Hobold
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Doris Nagel
Program Committee	Jack Lite, Chairman Richard Hobold Joyce Devine Ella Nora Fleming Bob Kenski
Sponsors	Miss Buckley Miss Riedel

GERMAN CLUB

FRANCES LEIMKUEHLER

The German Club meets every Thursday after school in Room 222. The meetings are taken up with games and other programs prepared by the members. The games are German games or American games played in German. Sometimes we use song books to learn German songs.

President	Victor Godin
Secretary-Treasurer	Hilda Johanning
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Frances Leimkuehler
Sponsor	Miss Sessinghaus

DEUTSCHER VEREIN

INGRID LEWIS

The echoing words of "O Tannenbaum", or other German songs, proceed from Room 115 every Tuesday afternoon.

What club can that be, you ask?

Why, it is the Deutscher Verein, of course, organized for beginners in German. This club helps us get a better understanding of the spoken language and gives us a chance to express ourselves. We also play games and give a point to the winner for the fun of seeing who can win the most points by the end of the term.

Our sponsor, Miss Fuhlhage, has made our club possible and provided us with all necessities so that all may have a good time.

We feel sure if you join you will never regret it. So, how about thinking it over?

President	Erwin Laugeman
Vice-President, Treasurer	Ted Bohren
Secretary	Audrey Tombrink
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Ingrid Lewis
Sponsor	Miss Fuhlhage

Caduceus

LIBRARY CLUB

JANINE GOESSLING

"Say, Dot, are you going to the meeting?"

'Why, sure, Jo, I haven't missed one yet."

This is generally the sort of conversation you hear often the seventh hour in front of the library on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. On these certain days small groups of girls gather in the Library to have their club meeting and plan what is to be done all term. So far, we have planned a wiener roast, hay-ride, and party. We also devote part of our time to reading books. We thumb through the new novels and stories that come into the library and hold a general discussion on them.

So, come on, girls, drop by on Wednesdays and see "what's cookin'."

President	Eugenia Miller
Secretary	Mildred Sugg
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Jeanine Goessling
Sponsor	Miss Isaacs

BALSA BUGS

RUSSELL COREY

AIRPOWER IN TIMES OF WAR

Never before in history has airpower played such an important part. The very essence of our freedom today lies in our ability to build better aircraft than our enemies. This second world conflict is a much more mechanized war than the first of its kind. A nation at war has particular reason to stress this vital factor. We as a people can't build safely on false foundations, or our liberty and land of opportunity will fall before our very eyes.

For this particular reason, we must train men to excel in the art of flying, and building of superior aircraft. The specific unity which exists between man and his cultivated machines of war, also depend upon his future. Back in the years following the first World War, military leaders were befogged in misconceptions as to the importance of air supremacy. Today we are informed that victory or defeat hangs in the balance. Victory if we can out-shoot and out-fly the enemy, defeat if the enemy out-shoots and out-flys us. This problem deserves ample consideration by everyone who is interested in the future of their homeland.

To get better acquainted with some of these facts, come to Room 110 and visit the Balsa Bugs. Their meetings are held every Wednesday at 3:10 p. m. after school.

Sponsor Miss Sullivan

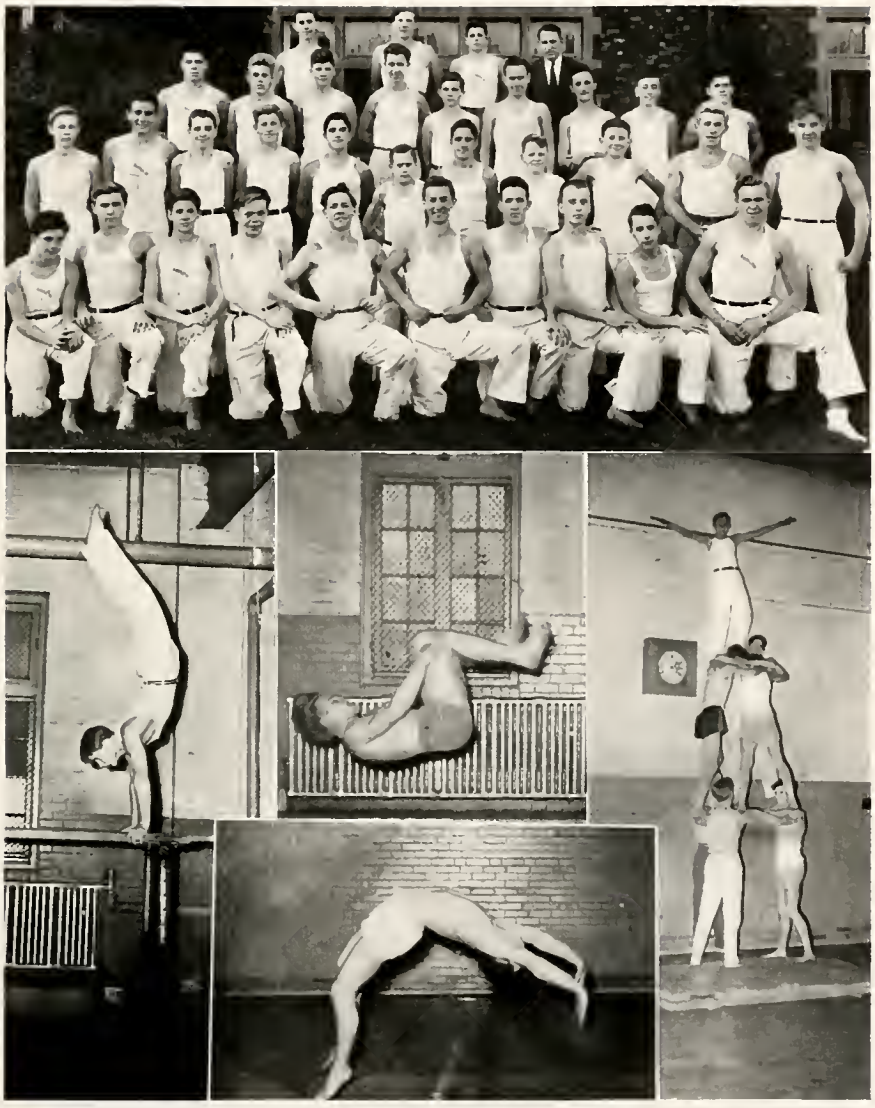
JUNIOR BAND AND ORCHESTRA

JAMES WATT

Have you ever heard any queer noises at Beaumont that you couldn't quite identify? Did you wonder where they were coming from or what they were?

Those noises were coming from Room 102 and were the sounds of beginners playing their instruments. For the present group, those days are over, we hope, for now we are well organized and play a few melodies. The only reason we are able to play these tunes is that we have learned the notes and developed techniques on our individual instruments. Anyone who wishes to play an instrument may put down "Junior Band and Orchestra" on his next term list of subjects. If you do not own your own instrument, the school will furnish you with one. Besides earning one-half credit per term, you will probably be in the Senior Band or Orchestra in one year or even in one term. In the Junior Band and Orchestra you try to do your best work, for this group is like a supply base, and only the best go on to the senior groups. Each member aims to develop the best technique he possibly can on his instrument. When this is done, we have plenty of reserves that can be used in senior groups.

Leader	Betty Stephenson
Treasurer	Jo Ann Brockmeier
Sponsor	Miss Brix



GYM CLUB

GYM CLUB

Top Row (left to right): Fred Osterholt, Don Meier, William Mahler, Bob Crane, Rusty MacBride, Robert Naumann, Bob Weinman, Charles Gallaher, Dick King.

Second Row (left to right: Kenn. Westholt, Lester Tebbe, Bob Joost, Frank Bare, Jimmy Londoff, William Obershelp, George Londoff, George Freebersyser, Earl Thuet, Jack Eichschlag, Dick Vaught.

Fourth Row (left to right): Wally Lundt, Jack Powers, Bill Sobo, H. C. Doerr, Sponsor.

Front Row (left to right): Pat Knisell, Bob Cowee, Vernie Mitchell, Lee Carpenter, Lee Dauster, John Molina, Harold Williams, George Oldenettel, Andy AuBuchon, Bob McNamara.

THE "DIGEST"

(Continued from page 90)

Next on the list, you'll see Jo Ann Pace, Marie Prange, and Gerry Rosenkoetter. Jo Ann, in the role of the Old Judge, was the one who gave such wise and witty answers to your mystifying questions. Marie, along with Shirley Tyer, gave you up-to-the-minute news on "who is stationed where." In other words, they served as editors of military news. "Ree" also uncovered many love affairs via the Snooper; the personality column, too, received her attention. New senior news and basketball accounts were summed up by Gerry.

The next two on the list—Dolores Ruschenberg and Vivian Sarar—are also rookies. Dolores covered Girls' Athletics while Vivian edited the club news and gathered in the war stamp data. That brings us down to Shirley Tyer, who, as we have said, aided in handling the Men in Service articles. From her pen, too, came several experiences in the form of "Things I Saw" plus the Calendar.

The two Assistant Editors, Betty Knickmeyer and Milton Reinert, are not to be forgotten. Both of them contributed materially to the success of the "Digest." They, along with their slave-driving Editor-in-Chief, Jerry Heyne, had a hand in almost everything and saw to it that things ran smoothly.

Under the title, "Business Staff," we find three names—Jules Klose, Alois Jaworski, and Gene Walsh. These three with Jules, as manager, topped the old record in "Digest" subscriptions. Those fine photographs in our paper this term were the product of Jack Mannebach's work.

Then come the typists—Shirley Beeler, Rose Ann Chmielecki, La Verne Loseman, Doris Nix, Mary Jeanne Powers, Mildred Punch, Mary Lou Schanbusch, Shirley Salzman, and Virginia Stolle. They did a grand job in typing articles for us.

There at the foot of the staff box we see these words, "Sponsor . . . William E. Birr." What a great deal of time and effort is contained in that word "sponsor"! Yes, indeed! Without Mr. Birr's superb and untiring direction, we wonder what the "Digest" would be! To him and to all those listed in the staff box, we say,

"Thanks! You've completed a job well done!"

SENIOR MIXED CHORUS

(Continued from page 92)

President	Harry Weber
Vice-President	Andrew Andrews
Secretaries	Jane Keil Marilyn Schmitz
Treasurer	Jerry Burton
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Mary Jo Weiss
Librarian	Irma Borgers
Accompanist	Walter Kappesser
Sponsor	Miss Else Brix

TECHNICIANS

(Continued from page 101)

General Chairmen	Bob Herhold Bob McNamara
Chairman of Movie Projector Committee	Ronald Sprenger
Chairman of the Light Committee	Bob Cayse
Chairman of the Public Address System	Kenneth Oberbeck

Thomas Brannam	Ted Ratliff
Bob Craft	Bob Sullivan
Edwin Diedrich	Harvey Sattler
Eugene Ellersieck	Jack Winkler
Preston Hammond	Robert Gold

Kenneth Mey

Sponsor — Mr. Julian

Several of the boys above are going to graduate, so that anyone interested in joining the Technicians see Mr. Julian in Room 230. This technical knowledge might help you get a rating in the armed forces, and it is a good thing to take along with you into future life; so let's see some of you boys joining the Technicians next term.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB

(Continued from page 110)

President	Bruce Wright
Vice-President	Edna Smith
Secretary	Betty Ann Knickmeyer
Treasurer	Tom Anderson
"Digest" and CADUCEUS Correspondent	Marie Prange
Sponsor	Mr. Enzinger

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AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

Dear Jim — (Lee, Bacon, Albert)

Just to be different (as usual) I'll write on this here stuff. I hope you don't mind my calling you by your first name — seein as how I've known you for twelve — I know it's rather forward but that's stuff.

Say just think I waited twelve years to go out with you & then go steady (as we are doin now). I remember when we use to play Cops & robbers & football, baseball, go swimming and best of all those darling little birthday parties I use to have. Boy they took the cake, and another thing I must say for two kids who have known each other as long as you & I have we certainly don't get along very good. And unless things come for the better — gosh only knows what will happen. But I know (I hope) things will turn out. All we need is that 50 — 50 preparation. I'll do my share. Hummmm

Now I could put some mushy slop in here but I'm not that type as you know. I think its sweet were going steady and hope we stay that way for a long time.

Love Sylvia — (Pudge)

11/16/2009
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HF GROUP—IN